

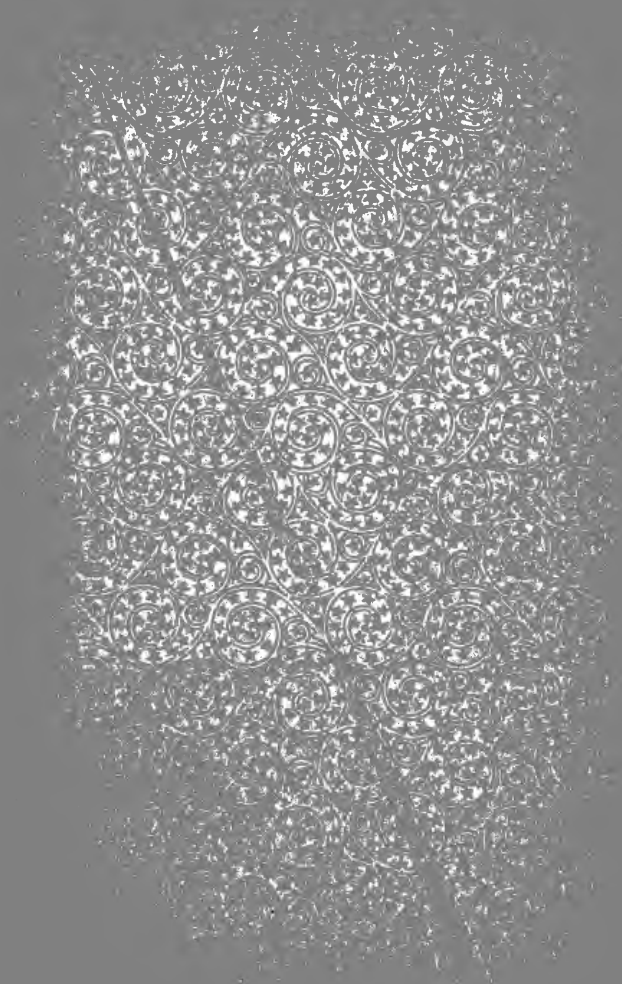


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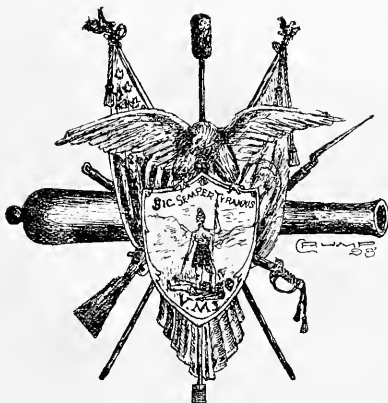


THE BOMB

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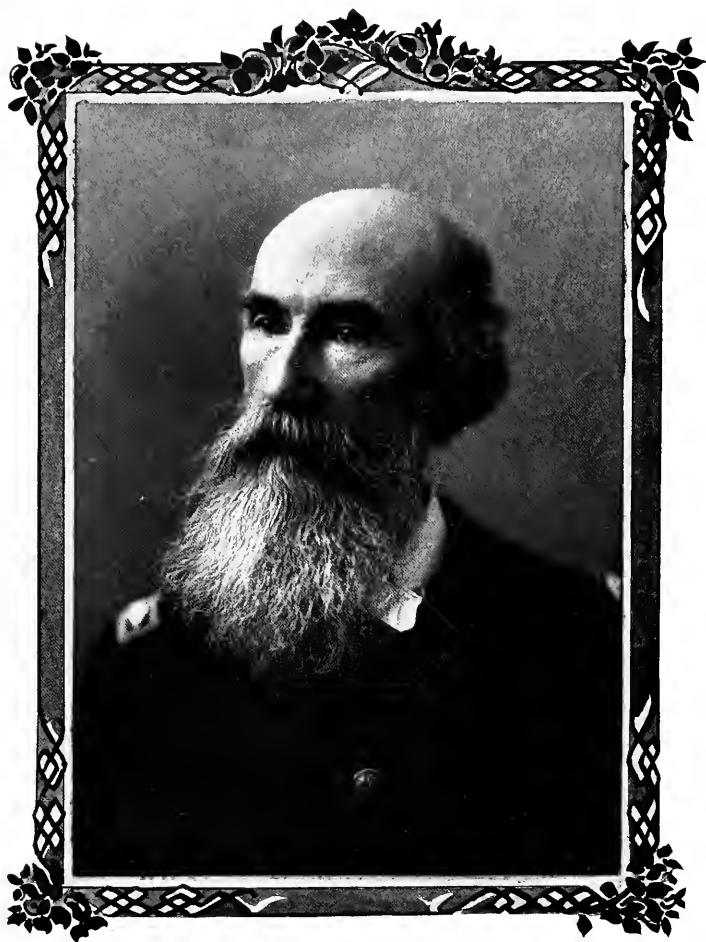
ROANOKE, VA.

1898

DEDICATION.

To Colonel John M. Brooke, our honored professor, this modest volume is most affectionately dedicated as a slight token of our esteem and admiration of that brave soldier, that inventive genius, and learned scholar.

THE EDITORS.



COLONEL JOHN M. BROOKE.

221278

Colonel John M. Brooke.

A SKETCH.

JOHN MERCER BROOKE was born near Tampa, Florida, December 18th, 1826.

His father was General George M. Brooke, of Virginia, brevetted for gallantry and distinguished services in the War of 1812. "General Brooke entered the army in 1808; was major of Twenty-Third Infantry at the battle of Niagara or Lundy's Lane. Major McFarland being killed, the command of that regiment devolved upon Major Brooke, an officer of no less intrepidity and valor," says Thomson, in his History of the War of 1812, and War with Mexico.

Major Brooke was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel of Fourth Infantry "for gallant conduct in the defense of Fort Erie," the fifteenth of August, 1814, and Colonel for "distinguished and meritorious conduct in the sortie from Fort Erie," the seventeenth of September, 1814. He was made brigadier-general by brevet on the seventeenth of September, 1824, and later attained the rank of major-general. Fort Brooke in Florida was named after him.

A letter of Larkin Smith, himself a distinguished officer of the United States Army, dated the thirty-first of January, 1851, mentions an incident in the defense of Fort Erie, in which General Brooke figured conspicuously.

Brooke suggested hanging a lantern within the enemy's lines near a British battery in the line of fire, so that our gunners might direct their fire at night as well as in the day. This was effected by Brooke, with the help of a drummer boy. These two crawled within the enemy's lines at night and hung a lantern in a tree.

Smith says: "With personal hazard he reached the enemy's lines, hung a lantern in a tree upon the line of fire and the batteries were

demolished, with great loss to the enemy. 'Who hung the lantern?' was a pass-word in the Army after that period."

General Brooke married Miss Lucy Thomas, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, a beauty, whose face framed in a window of some house in Boston, had attracted the attention of the general as he passed along the street.

Making inquiries, he obtained an introduction and the acquaintance ripened into love. He, finally, was successful in his courtship and married his sweetheart when she was hardly sixteen.

John Mercer Brooke, a son of this marriage, was sent to a school preparatory to Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio.

If tradition be true, he did not stay long. In fact, rumor has it, that the little fellow ran away twice. He was afterwards sent to a school that had attained considerable reputation under Professor Gummere, in Burlington, New Jersey, but which, falling into the hands of a less able teacher, declined in fame and usefulness.

Here Brooke met with many persons of various religious denominations—among others, with Congregationalists, Quakers and Churchmen. For the latter, he seemed to have had a boyish regard being attracted more strongly by the magnetic personality of Bishop McIlwaine. The Episcopal Church became eventually the church of his choice.

Brooke's mother died when he was twelve years old. He was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy in March, 1841, and reported to Captain Farragut on the Delaware "ship of the line" with a crew of eight hundred men.

As the fifteen-year-old lad climbed up the side of the Delaware, two things made an impression on him—the buzz of eight hundred men at supper and the appearance of their commander, the now celebrated commodore. Amid all the changes and differences of political opinions and fortunes, Brooke has always had a high regard and friendship for his first commander.

Brooke was transferred from the Delaware and made his first cruise in the sloop-of-war Cyane. This was for three years. After doubling Cape Horn, he returned to the United States and entered the

Naval School at Annapolis, first organized in 1845, by the distinguished Buchanan, whose bearing and sense of honor made lasting impressions on his pupils.

Brooke's class was the first and largest ever graduated at this famous school. They were called "forty-ones" from their entrance year into the navy, not, as is the custom now, from the date of graduation.

Brooke was graduated in 1847, and in 1849 or 1850, was on the Coast Survey in the hydrographic party under Rear-Admiral Sam Philipps Lee.

About this period Brooke married his first wife, Miss Lizzie Garnett, a sister of General Richard Brooke Garnett, killed in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Brooke was stationed at the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., from 1851 to 1853. During this time he invented the deep-sea sounding apparatus. After 1860 he was given the gold medal of science of the Academy of Berlin, by the King of Prussia, afterward Emperor William of Germany, in recognition of his service to scientific research.

He was on the exploring expedition to the North Pacific and Behring Straits, under Commander Ringold. The command was afterwards transferred to Rear-Admiral John Rodgers. In this expedition Brooke was entrusted with the important duty of determining astronomical positions of primary points and measuring chronometrically differences of longitude. He made improvements in manipulation and management of chronometers, also made magnetic observations and deep-sea soundings. He made reconnaissance of the east coast of Nippon (Japan) from Simoda to Hakodadi in a launch of the Vincennes. He was sent via Panama to Washington with the results of the survey to hasten the publication.

In 1858 Brooke was assigned to the survey of the route between California and China. Sailing from San Francisco September 26th, 1858, in the schooner Fennimore Cooper, originally a New York pilot-boat, he made a survey of islands in the Pacific and a part of the eastern coast of Japan.

The accuracy of his deep-sea soundings have been verified by Captain George Belknap, who ran a line of soundings across the Pacific using Sir William Thomson's machine, with piano wire, and Brooke's detaching apparatus.

A cyclone on August 22d, 1859, while Brooke was in Yedo (Tokio) conferring with the American minister, caused the officer left in charge, very properly, to beach the Fennimore Cooper, to save the lives of her crew. Her timbers were found so decayed that it was useless to repair her. Brooke remained at Yokohama with the crew till the tenth of February, 1860, for passage to the United States in the flagship Powhatan of the Asiatic Squadron. The Japanese freely consulted with Captain Brooke and as he had no mercantile interests, they relied implicitly on his statements. When the Japanese determined to send an embassy to the United States, they wished to send a war vessel to avoid the supposition that they were unable to send their embassy in a vessel of their own.

The Tycoon wouldn't consent to send a Japanese ship to the United States unless Brooke would go with their vessel. Brooke volunteered to do this and was directed by Flag Officer Tatnall to take passage in the Japanese corvette, Candimarroo, and to assist the captain in the navigation of his ship.

The corvette reached San Francisco thirteen days ahead of the Powhatan, which had been forced by heavy weather to take a more southerly course, touching at Honolulu.

This service was highly appreciated by the Japanese authorities, who invited Brooke to take from a chest containing \$60,000, what he considered a proper consideration for his assistance. Brooke refused to take anything.

On the reception of the embassy in Washington, the ambassador asked as his first request, that the services rendered Japan by Captain Brooke should be recorded in the archives of the United States.

In 1861, Captain Brooke applied in the construction of the Virginia (the Merrimac) the principle of extended and submerged ends, which has been adopted in the most powerful of foreign ships of war, as the Inflexible and the Italia. This invention is attested by a patent

granted by the Confederate States a time when all cognizant of the facts were alive and competent to testify.

In 1863, as chief of ordnance and hydrography of Confederate States, he proposed that a thirteen-inch Blakely should be fired with the powder charge placed wholly in front of the chamber in order to diminish the initial tension of the gases, a sister gun having burst at the first discharge. This was done successfully with heavy charges, overthrowing the then universal belief that a considerable space unoccupied by powder would cause a gun to burst. A series of experiments by direction of the chief of ordnance in the army of the Confederate States was subsequently made, which fully confirmed the theory thus advanced, and the employment of an air space is now, as is well known, general.

Brooke's career in the United States Navy was brilliant for a young man. Even as a midshipman he was noted among his fellows for his physical strength, activity and skill in athletic sports. He was a skilful oarsman, a good rifle- and pistol-shot, and a noted swimmer. Among the Americans, he was one of the few who seemed at all equal to the Sandwich Islanders in their feats of diving and swimming near their island home.

Besides his inventive genius, he had a mechanical turn of a high order. There used to be in the house now occupied by our accomplished Commandant of Cadets, Colonel Price, a model in wood of a schooner in which was reproduced every timber, block, spar, mast, rope, pulley or piece of tackle in a real schooner. Even the planks in the deck were imitated and the sails made of his wife's best linen handkerchief were not lacking—all made by Captain Brooke, to please a lad who had never been out o' sight of land. The "lines" of this miniature vessel were so fine that she easily beat all her tiny competitors in a trial race on a pond not far from the site of the old Virginia Military Institute.

As a passed-midshipman he early became distinguished by his deep-sea sounding apparatus which revolutionized communication between Europe and America. By this was made possible the laying

of the first inter-continental telegraph line in the world. This instrument verified the prophecy of the great Maury, that there was a submarine plateau between America and Europe, suitable, by its freedom from sea-disturbance, for the location of a cable for telegraphic use.

Brooke was complimented by Maury in government publications of the day, and received distinguished consideration from scientific men of England, on the Continent and in Japan.

Brooke's adventures would read like romances of Jules Verne. Men now living were, as boys, as much absorbed at the recital of his adventures, shortly after they occurred, as were the traditional listeners to the Arabian Nights' entertainments of oriental fame.

Captain Brooke was the author of improvements in guns, shot, shell and munitions of war at the Tredegar Works in Richmond. His gun and his steel-pointed shot were highly thought of by military and naval authorities in the fiery days of actual use in real war.

S. R. Mallory, secretary of the Confederate States Navy, thus writes of him in 1867, from Pensacola :

" The extraordinary effects of the Virginia's (Merrimac's) battery, in her combat in Hampton Roads, were in a great measure due to the Brooke gun, etc, etc."

Franklin Buchanan, admiral and commander of the Merrimac, wounded in the first day's fight of that vessel, thus writes from Fair View, near Easton, Maryland, in January, 1867 :

" Captain Brooke, the inventor of the ' Brooke ' gun, is an officer of high scientific attainments, combined with great practical skill and is much respected and esteemed. As chief of ordnance and hydrography, he was constantly consulted by the Secretary of the Navy and other high officials on very important naval matters and inventions. To him we were indebted for iron-clad vessels—the Virginia (Merrimac) was his suggestion. He is the inventor of the admirable deep-sea sounding apparatus, used in sounding the track for the Atlantic cable, for which he was complimented, etc., etc."

Near the close of the war, Brooke served with the naval brigade on the march from Richmond, under the command of General G. W. C. Lee, afterwards professor of engineering at the Virginia Military

Institute (dividing the department then under General Thomas H. Williamson), and still later the accomplished president of Washington and Lee University.

After the surrender, Brooke was cut off, as so many naval officers were, from following his profession. He was appointed professor of physics at the Virginia Military Institute in 1866, becoming a colleague of his old-time friend and admirer, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, of world-wide fame. Men then fresh from experience of actual war held a place in the respect and affection of the people hardly appreciated by the generation that has sprung up since that time.

The gentlemen who have been members of the Faculty of the Virginia Military Institute, however brilliant, stand under the shadow of a great name. Stonewall Jackson's shade o'ertops them all, but none are so widely known in America, Europe and far-off Asia as Matthew F. Maury the "Pathfinder of the Seas" and that queer, slow-moving, low-voiced old genius "*ataris edite regibus*," whom all respect and some love, Old Mike Brooke—

CALVA VERITAS.



APOLOGY.

WE HAVE endeavored to make this volume worthy of the school which it represents and if we have not attained that end, we hope that our kind readers will overlook all of our shortcomings, consider our inexperience in a work of this kind and not criticise it too severely.

We can not claim that "The Bomb" of '98 is a volume of too much literary merit. In truth, our aim in publishing it was not to that end, but to present as nearly as possible and as well as possible, all the events which go to make up the life of a cadet, and which bring back to Alumni memories of the dear old Alma Mater.

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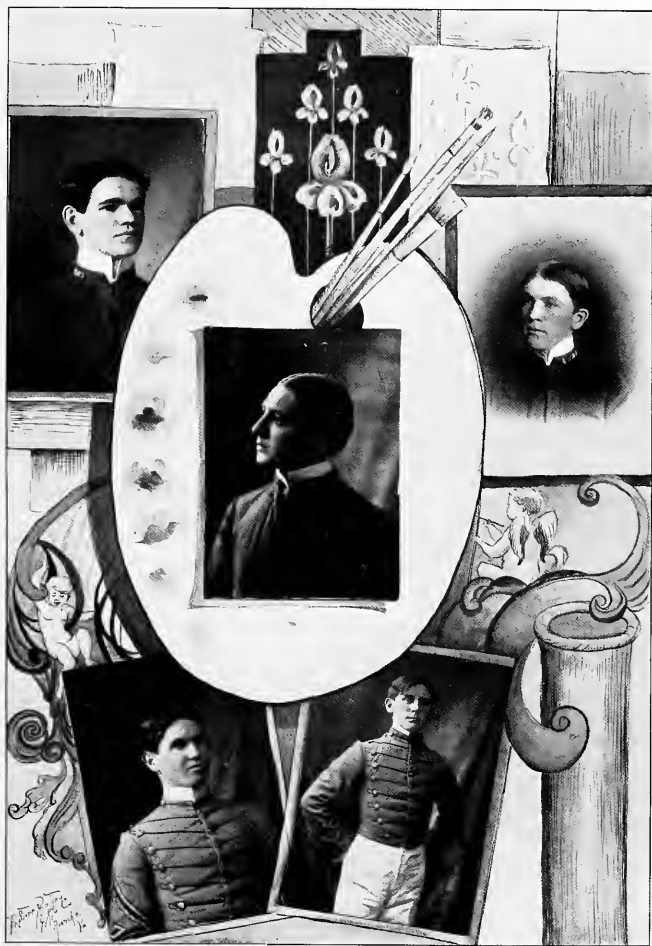
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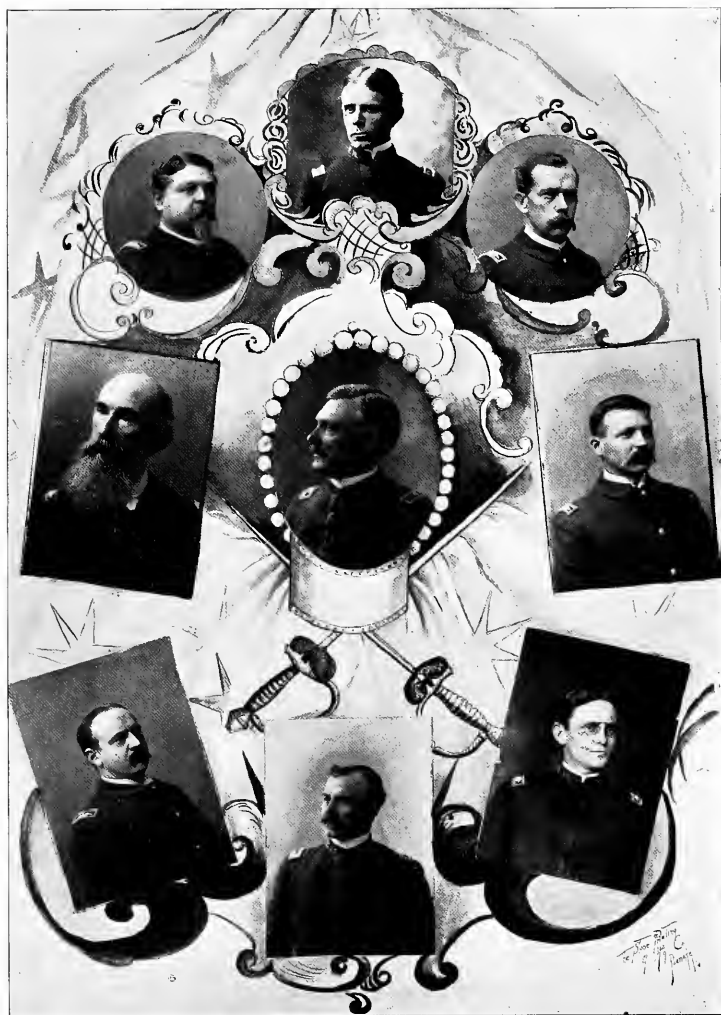
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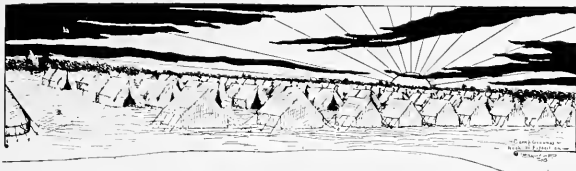
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Recapitulation.

Virginia	113
Texas	19
Kentucky	8
Missouri	8
Ohio	8
Maryland	7
Mississippi	6
Florida	5
Louisiana	5
New York	5
District of Columbia	5
Georgia	4
Arkansas	3
California	3
North Carolina	3
Indiana	3
Pennsylvania	3
China	2
Tennessee	2
New Jersey	2
West Virginia	2
Colorado	1
Arizona	1
Indian Territory	1
Montana	1
South America	1
Total	221



PARADE GROUND—SNOW.



The Nashville Trip.

FOR six days the Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were a part of the big Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville, and the principal feature of it.

They arrived at night quietly and almost unheralded, and little known to fame among that non-history-studying heterogeneous complexity of an exposition crowd. But next morning a new something had injected itself into the atmosphere, and the little world inside the exposition inclosure, which had long since settled down to recognized rules of life, and a proprietary interest in its surroundings, awoke to a sense of a quickening, if not a disturbing element, in the settled routine of the place.

Many a blase habitue and employe turned to see from whence came that freshening breeze of new life, which so saucily injected itself into every corner of the big show and, with an exuberance that knew no barriers, forced itself uninvited on rules, regulations, and established usages, in an irresistible flood of persistent good humor that paralyzed all resentment.

At first, standing aghast at such rapid creations of new conditions, and resisting this onslaught of young gods of war, the Exposition next stood passive, then showed a languid interest, and ended by receiving them with open arms.

Before the sun went down on the tented field of the cadet battalion they owned the grounds.

Their presence was made known early the first day by the Institute yell and popular songs, lustily sung with original words applicable to the situation. The frowns, that at first greeted this impetuous horde with its noise and humor, ere long gave place to smiles, and the resentment of intrusion, to a patronizing air.

The showman in *Vanity Fair* discovered before the day was many hours old, that this gray-coated crowd of rollicking youngsters was a drawing card and he not only welcomed them as honored guests, but counted himself fortunate if he got the gang.

The most wearied vaudeville actress took new inspiration from their hearty encores, and they enthused the whole crowd when they joined in the chorus, "to beat the band."

In the city they were no less welcome and nothing was too good for them. Social attentions were showered on them and a V. M. I. uniform became not only a passport, but an introduction to the best society in Tennessee. For fear, however, that I may make the same mistake as did the Exposition Guards at first, and believe that the vociferous conduct of the cadets boded trouble and disorder, I will stop a moment to say that the guard tent held no recalcitrant during the time of our stay and the worst offence, charged against any cadet, was absent from roll-call at a time when sweet smiles and bright eyes were more potent than the tap of a drum.

The trip of the corps of cadets to Nashville differed from any that they had previously taken, principally, in the comforts enjoyed. Leaving the Institute barracks at sundown, October 10th, their baggage having preceded them, the corps, headed by the band, marched to the depot and boarded one of the Chesapeake and Ohio's magnificent vestibuled trains, and in a little over twenty-four hours were landed safely without a hitch, in the far-away capital of Tennessee.

Seven elegant cars gave ample room for every mother's son to compose himself comfortably in seats turned lengthwise and barring long whetted appetite there was no want unfulfilled.

With the division superintendent and chief of motive power on board to see that the run was made with precision, the train made fast time going at a speed of fifty miles an hour and sometimes further than that distance without a stop.

Each company had a car to itself and the last car was occupied by General Shipp, his staff, and friends. Among the latter were Hon. W. A. Glasgow and Colonel Ross, whose mellow voice was many times turned to sweet ballads as the weary miles were sped away.

Dr. Benjamin Blackford joined the train at Clifton Forge and was made thence welcome by his boys and their mess because of the long lunch-box under his arm, a splendid sample of a dinner to the Board of Visitors of the Western State Hospital that day.

The long train dressed in streamers bearing the words "Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute" attracted great interest and at every depot crowds of people, a good part of which were pretty girls, were collected and though stops were short the time was well utilized in making impressions on the feminine heart.

To cadets who eat three square meals a day, and pass the interval in reflection as to the next nearest, the programme of one ration between Lexington and Nashville was quite appalling.

Dinner at Lexington, Va., at 3:30 p. m., and breakfast in Lexington, Ky., at 10:30 a. m., next day, was an interval quite as impressive as the one which gave rise to the famous remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina and its happy termination was greeted with similar manifestations of satisfaction.

Indeed the bread, potatoes, beefsteak and blue-grass butter secured that morning will stand out in cadet annals with as tenacious remembrance as did John Ridd's mutton party told of in Blackmore's delightful story *Lorna Doone*, "to talk about which made his lips smack and his ribs come inward, fifty years having passed quicker to him than the taste of that gravy."

At Nashville the magnificent electric display of the Exposition grounds was all aglare when the cadet special pulled into the Union Depot, and headed by a reception committee, the battalion was marched by company into the Military Café and broke another hideous fast.

The camp was already set and in another half hour camp life had commenced, the details made, sentinels posted, and the cadets were free to roam the virgin fields and undiscovered exposition pleasures.

The cadets will long remember the hospitalities of the manager of the New York building, which was thrown open to them, and this building which was the scene of their social triumphs—the place where

hops were given them by Nashville belles and by them returned in kind.

The camp with its double parallel lines of army tents was little inhabited during the day and the mattresses on plank floors served only as recuperating stations from the sheer exhaustion of military movement and exposition pleasures.

Reveille at seven, breakfast call at eight, guard mount at nine, dinner at three, dress parade at four and taps at midnight were the hours to the conforming of which, pleasure encountered little hindrance.

It was Tuesday before the cadets had their first public parade and with thirty per cent. of their files composed of "thirty-day rats" the battalion established a lasting record for precision and smartness. On a drill ground badly cut up by the daily evolutions of the Third United States Cavalry they won the encomiums of the officers of the visiting militia and also the compliments of the regulars who noted their every movement with a critic's eye.

Again next day they acted as guard of honor to Governor Atkinson, of West Virginia, with Colonel Price, the Commandant, and his staff mounted and in formation of five companies in full dress the battalion escorted West Virginia's Governor, with his long line of carriages filled with ladies and a brilliant staff, three miles to the Exposition grounds.

The streets were covered with a skim of thin sticky mud and marching was very difficult, but the cadets made their movements with as much ease as if they were on the Institute parade ground. They were the cynosure of all eyes and never presented a more attractive appearance than when marching through the resident streets of Nashville to the ever inspiring strains of Dixie.

Whenever brought to rest their guns went down on the paved street with a united thud which always brought forth an exclamation of admiration as well as surprise.

It was a long march and a hot day. The gray-coated line stood like statues in front of the New York building for a half hour as the long line of carriages drove up and emptied their living and gaudy

freight. The sun poured down on their helmet, plate, and gun, as they stood at present arms.

I stood by the side of Major Loud, commanding the Third United States Cavalry, and heard him say: "That is the finest body of troops I ever saw. They are just the kind of material that would fight any-



thing." He was talking to the captain of one of the troops of his command.

A man in ranks swayed, stepped backwards and dropped his gun, and was carried fainting to the rear. A second and a third succumbed to the heat and strain of the day. Major Loud and his captain quickly went to their aid and by their experience in treating exhausted men, soon resuscitated them.

This was a single instance of many shown, of the great cordiality displayed towards the cadets by the regular troops at Nashville.

Whereas they looked with disdain on the loose-jointed militia, the military tidiness of the cadets appealed to their admiration and they were received and treated as brothers in arms.

Indeed the visit of the Virginia cadets to the Tennessee Centennial was an eye-opener to all. No such drilling had before been seen

on those grounds where the flower of the Southern soldiery had already been and won the plaudits of the multitude.

A sham battle had long been discussed but the regulars had steadfastly set their faces against it until the cadets came. Then Major Loud said with the Virginia Military Institute boys before them he would take part ; that he could not afford to put his horses in a sham battle with undisciplined troops as the horses could not be stopped in a charge so long as the firing continued, but with the cadets who would promptly execute commands he had no hesitancy.

In the sham battle which was carried out with all the noise and panoply of war the cadets held the place of honor, representing Pickett's division at the charge of Gettysburg, and in the face of heavy artillery and gatling guns, swept, as did Pickett's men, everything to the top of the hill.

Firing standing, kneeling, and lying down, they advanced by degrees until their final charge which was made into a swirl of blind-irising smoke in grand style.

Thus it was that the battalion of Virginia cadets enlivened the scenes at the Exposition and made new reputation for the great military school.

Colonel Price took advantage of the splendid government display of ordnance to give the first class some practical lessons in ordnance and gunnery, but otherwise the hours out of camp were spent in fun and frolic.

The Blue Grotto will long have a pleasant place in cadet recollections. Here they took almost a proprietary interest and were received with open arms. Many and varied were the original interjections into the address of the young lady who described the beauties of the Blue Grotto, and it will ever remain a mystery how the pretty girl at the piano could keep the music going and listen to the flattering remarks on her personal attraction from her surrounding admirers in uniform.

Who will soon forget the Fitzgerald sisters or the beauties of the Casino, the Vienna, or the Military Cafés, or the evening resorts.

It would require volumes to recall a small part of the inspirations of those six days. As well paint the lily as try to picture them.

When the delights of social conquests were most triumphant and the pleasures of the Exposition most alluring an invitation came from the commercial bodies of Louisville to give an exhibition drill in that city. An early morning start on the same train that brought us, and in a few hours Louisville was reached.

Committees from the commercial bodies composed of old cadets were there on hand and a march was made to the Galt House, where a magnificent complimentary dinner was served.

Then on cars the battalion rode to the park in the resident portion of that pretty city, and gave a dress parade. There was a large turnout of the citizens and it goes without saying that a fine impression was made.

At dark on Friday evening the start home was made and eight days from the time of starting, the cadets once more took up, where they left off, the familiar duties of barrack life.

The trip had nothing but pleasant episodes and incidents, and until there are many improvements in travel and amusements the Nashville trip will stand as a high-water mark.

None enjoyed more its benefits and remembers with more genuine pleasure the incidents of the trip than the *Richmond Times'* correspondent who accompanied the cadets and participated in all the fun and hospitalities of the occasion and who was dubbed "The Major."

JOHN D. MURRELL.

Alumni Day.

AMONG the celebrations of our Commencement week there is none due more notice in the pages of our Annual than the day set apart for the assembly of the Alumni. Acknowledging their strong attachment to the Institute together with their sympathy and enthusiastic interest manifested for her maintenance and continuation of usefulness in training young men of our great country to be good and honorable citizens, it becomes us as members of the graduating class to cordially welcome them and express in courteous terms our appreciation of their presence in our midst, and to exert every effort in making their stay most pleasant and agreeable.

When we consider that the greatness of an institution of learning is but the greatness of her sons, demonstrated in service rendered mankind not only through thought and eloquence in peace's tranquillity, but also by devotedness equally unshaken in times of deadly conflict,—not only strong amid the dazzling brilliance of a diplomatic crowd, but fearless and powerful before thickening masses of contending armies and smoke of musketry,—we are more and more deeply impressed with the sublimity of Virginia Military Institute, and with recognition of regard for her Alumni who have so nobly wrought her fame and glorious immortality. Virginia Military Institute can well boast of her eminence. Her record in the past established by heroism of her sons is an imperishable spotless monument, fashioned and built not suddenly by the magic chisel of an accomplished artist to guard the memory of some potentate but her fair fame arose magnificent from the valor of those who fell in defence of the flag; and continues to endure by the life and virtue of those who survive; warriors, statesmen, citizens.

Alumni Day which reassembles the scattered flock under the spread wing of the common parent can not be ignored or even lightly considered by us, but on the contrary we recognize it as a day consecrated to the reunion of men who yearn for V. M. I.'s prosperity and leave undone nothing that tends to promote her interests.

Not only do these gatherings amalgamate and strengthen fraternity between Alumni, but those who graduate each year are inspired by their presence, identified and commingled with them thus augmenting and strengthening the interest of all.

We hope to see a larger reunion of Alumni this year than has been heretofore our pleasure to witness.

Alumni Day, Wednesday, June, 22d.



First Honor Jackson-Hope Medal.

L. H. STROTHER, Virginia,	July, 1877
T. T. HOLLOWAY, Illinois,	July, 1878
J. H. McCORD, Missouri,	July, 1879
J. M. PATTON, Virginia,	July, 1880
A. T. SLOSS, Missouri,	July, 1881
W. F. DENNIS, Virginia,	July, 1882
R. B. JAMES, Virginia,	July, 1883
J. G. MEEM, JR., Virginia,	July, 1884
G. B. MILLER, Virginia,	July, 1885
G. D. LETCHER, Virginia,	July, 1886
E. B. DuBUISSON, Louisiana,	July, 1887
N. B. TUCKER, Virginia,	July, 1888
W. N. HAMLET, Virginia,	July, 1889
T. H. TALLAFERRO, Virginia,	July, 1890
C. B. SLEMP, Virginia,	July, 1891
J. R. THOMAS, Tennessee,	July, 1892
J. A. M. DEARINO, Virginia,	July, 1893
W. H. COCKE, Virginia,	July, 1894
A. J. VAUGHAN, Virginia,	July, 1895
R. S. SPILMAN, Virginia,	July, 1896
T. M. FENDALL, Virginia,	July, 1897

Second Honor Jackson-Hope Medal.

E. W. DAVISON, Maryland,	July, 1877
R. G. WITHERS, Virginia,	July, 1878
A. K. SNYDER, Virginia,	July, 1879
D. H. PRITCHETT, Virginia,	July, 18 0
W. J. CROCKER, Virginia,	July, 1881
D. H. MAURY, Virginia,	July, 1882
J. R. DOLES, Virginia,	July, 1883
W. A. MONCURE, Virginia,	July, 1884
J. D. WARD, Virginia,	July, 1885
W. GATEWOOD, Virginia,	July, 1886
L. W. REID, Virginia,	July, 1887
C. P. FENNER, Louisiana,	July, 1888
F. MALLORY, Virginia,	July, 1889
B. L. HARDIN, Virginia,	July, 1890
L. T. HYATT, Virginia,	July, 1891
W. H. TAYLOR, Virginia,	July, 1892
L. W. H. PEYTON, Virginia,	July, 1893
C. E. KILBOURNE, District of Columbia,	July, 1894
C. J. MOORE, Virginia,	July, 1895
E. B. FRAIN, Illinois,	July, 1896
H. BRUCE, Virginia,	July, 1897

The Cadets at New Market.

I.

Onward they come, they come !
Mid the wild battle-hum
Fearfully chanted,—
Boys in their youthful prime,
Flowers of a radiant clime,
Veterans in soul sublime,
Firm and undaunted.

II.

Rushing the die to throw
That the wide world may know
Who saved the Valley ;
When, like an angry tide
Up the broad mountain side,
Swept the proud foeman's stride
Fresh from the Valley.

III.

Oh ! the grand charge they made,
Through the walled esplanade
Armed to resist them ;
Ready with blood to buy
Freedom and liberty,
Ready to dare and die,
God to assist them.

IV.

Fresh on each forehead fair,
Sealed with a mother's prayer
Fervently spoken,
Hope's sunny trace and smooth
Gleamed with the dew of youth,
Types of the stainless truth,
Not to be broken.

V.

Right through the leaden storm
Pressed every fair young form
Mantled with glory ;
Never a heart dismayed,
Never a faltering blade,
Though with each step they made
Footprints all gory.

VI.

Woe, to the startled foes !
 As the young heroes rose,
 'Mid the fierce thunder ;
 Armed with the shield of Right
 David's, in that stern fight,
 Coped with Goliath's might
 To the world's wonder.

VII.

Sadly through tears they tell,
 How in their beauty fell
 The martyred seven ;
 Freed by the battle thrust,
 Rose their bright souls from dust,
 Bearing a Nation's trust
 Blood-sealed to Heaven.

VIII.

Shall we their deeds forget,
 To whose sweet memories yet
 Proud tears we render ?
 Lost to a world's renown,
 Ripe for a fadeless crown,
 Early their sun went down,
 In radiant splendor.

IX.

High on the roll of fame
 Let every glorious name,
 Through coming ages ;
 Let the bright record won
 By the proud duty done,
 Shine through all time upon
 History's pages.

X.

Long live the V. M. I.
 Cradle of chivalry !
 Fame's golden portal ;
 While the loud battle din,
 Echoes one loud within,
 Ne'er may she cease to win
 Glory immortal.
 Mrs. J., Lynchburg, Va.



CLASS OF '98.

Colors.

ORANGE AND ROYAL PURPLE.

Hell.

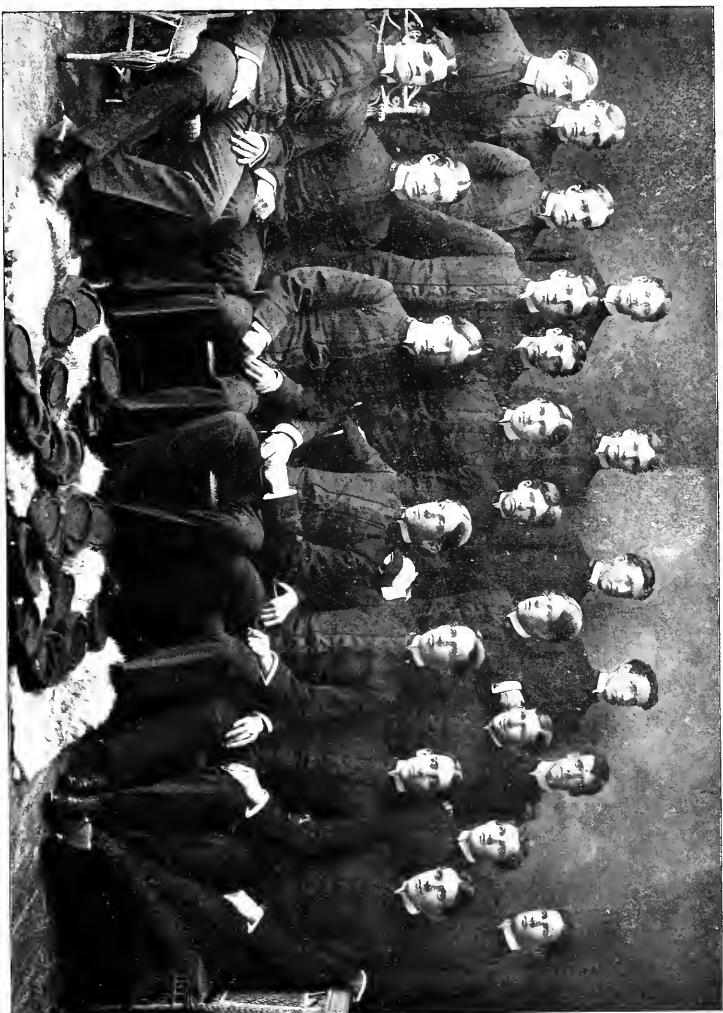
Boom-a-lack-a ! Boom-a-lack-a !
Bow ! Wow ! Wow !
Ching-a-lack-a ! Ching-a-lack-a !
Chow ! Chow ! Chow !
Boom-a-lack-a ! Ching-a-lack-a !
Rah ! Hoo ! Ri !
'98 ! '98 ! V. M. I !

Officers.

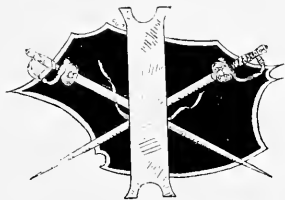
F. S. HEREFORD, Texas, PRESIDENT.
W. A. McNEIL, Virginia, VICE-PRESIDENT.
R. G. GOOLSBY, Virginia, HISTORIAN.

Members.

John H. Addison, Virginia	W. A. McNeil, Virginia
A. C. Crump, Virginia	C. P. Nelson, Virginia
H. G. Ellett, Virginia	H. L. Percivall, Virginia
H. S. Estill, Kentucky	J. Poitevent, Louisiana
R. G. Goolsby, Virginia	A. C. Raleigh, Montana
P. C. Harding, Missouri	W. B. Sayers, Texas
F. S. Hereford, Texas	C. C. Schoen, Virginia
W. Hoge, West Virginia	J. L. Sneed, Virginia
N. W. Hubbard, Virginia	J. O. Steger, Virginia
T. A. Jones, Virginia	J. D. Taylor, Florida
W. B. Lewis, Virginia	J. H. Wood, Virginia
R. C. Marshall, Virginia	L. J. Worthington, Mississippi
E. H. Marsteller, Virginia	P. H. Montgomery, Virginia



CLASS OF '98.



History of '98.

IT was in the early autumn of 1894 when all nature was wrapt in her verdant raiment, that the majestic columns of this time-honored institution met our gaze and we enlisted as cadets at the Virginia Military Institute one hundred in number, full of freshness, youthful pride, high ambitions, conscious of what labor will achieve, and anxious to begin those labors which make the scholar, soldier and the man. However by dint of misfortune, or distaste, or imprudence, our members have fallen like the roses "one by one" till now there remains but twenty-three to answer "here" at the final calling of the roll.

Gladness was intermingled with doubt as with quivering footsteps we crossed the threshold of our future "Alma Mater;" glad for we wished to be her sons; trembling upon reflection of that ill fate to which "rats" were destined at the hands of "older cadets." But to our surprise as well as comfort the bayonet scabbard was hung against the wall and the "bucker" was bound hands fast by his word of honor. The abolition of such a pernicious custom marks a change most important in the history of this class and at the same time records an everlasting boom to V. M. I.'s fair fame and name. Though evading this scourge, other experiences were met seemingly hard when well administered, yet their impression upon us can never be

erased, and when we shall have reflected upon our college life the recollections of these will ever be a source of pleasure.

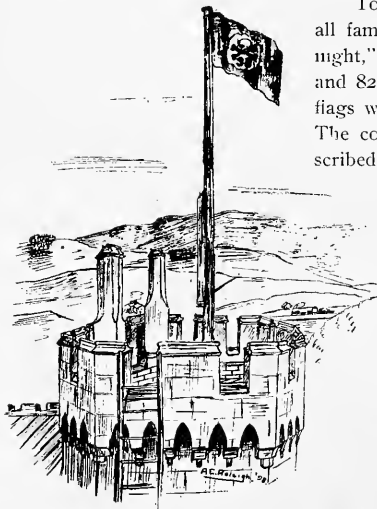
Meekness, obedience, vigilance and self-reliance are qualities a "rat" must cultivate, and at all times use them as methods of self-preservation, for it is written in the laws of third classmen that he shall not be "cheeky" nor insubordinate, lest he surely lose his pie and feast upon bread and water. Again, vigilance is essential in order to evade sight or sound of his seemingly omnipresent overlord.

Having passed through our rodent state of cadetship the next session opened for us a broad field to render active service, to display vainglorious colors, to practice college diabolism, to make the night hideous, the day sombre, the heavens radiant with different-colored lights compounded in the laboratory. We keep the sentinels uneasy, the faculty have no rest; the leader of each sally is a hero, his followers faithful servants, though rewarded often by loss of chevrons. Yet all this is consistent with the ostentatious dignity and the characteristic function of a third classman, for he is a warrior as shown by two golden stripes upon either coat sleeve; he sees that "rats" are not too "cheeky" and never think till after "taps"—verily he is a prominent character, a creature of unrest and ever possessed of evil spirits.

To cite some of our practices with which we are all familiar. It was the very "witching time of night," barracks yawned while the occupants of 80 and 82 were "breeding out" a plan to paint the flags which waved in the breezes upon the tower. The condition under which this was done is described in the following ballad:

[Tune—*Watermelon Smiling on the Vine.*]

When we went to paint that flag
 'T was on a frosty night,
 The moon had just gone down,
 The sentinel he saw us but he never said a word,
 For the "Subs" were flying around the town.
 Hockey was sporting,
 Gummi was courting,
 Bascoms' light was up all the time
 But the only time they noticed it
 Was in the early morn
 When the birds began to chirp and chime.



Again in those days it was not unusual on going down to "rev." just as the gray dawn of day began to pierce through night's thick veil, to find George Washington's statue depicted as Hamlet's father's ghost or arrayed in vestment similar to Joseph's coat of many colors. Owing to scientific investigations, experiments, etc., one member of our class acquired the title "Bomb Maker of Moscow" and dealt exclusively in high explosives and time fuses. So definitely proportioned were his chemical compounds, so accurate his fuses, that at the



least expected hour resplendent lights would flash up from all directions followed by the report of cannon and bombs.

But turning aside from these indulgences of a youthful passion we have since been capable of promoting plans upon a higher plane. As second classmen idleness transformed itself into diligence and steadfastness—bombs into books, for Calculus and Organic Chemistry were two barriers in the way of progress.

Athletics for the succeeding session depended upon a good selection from our class of President of the Athletic Association.

The Final Ball, that part of the final celebrations in which we take so much pride and which is the most elaborate and extensive of them all, was to be arranged and given by us to the graduating class. It is needless to say that the Ball was a success and reflected credit upon the President and the class.

As a class we are able to boast of brilliant achievements in all departments of college sports. Throughout our entire cadetship we have been foremost in football, baseball, and unexcelled in all those contortive motions peculiar to gymnasts. We have furnished each year representatives who have won laurels that will perpetuate the name of '98 in the field of athletics. No less conspicuously have we figured in literature and art, for in the literary societies, entirely accessible to all, not a single year has passed that one of us has failed to win a medal either for oratory or declamation or debate. To those mischievous occurrences which make up the bright side of college life, ever in harmony with true college spirit and boyish indulgences, though much they may have grieved our preceptors—the writer has already referred. In society we have moved with grace and gallantry equal to our contemporaries, winning the admiration of the fair sex by our peculiar excellencē in eye action and scientific way of “spooning.”

We are first classmen and have donned the blues, and reached the zenith of a well-spent career, though obtained through a long series of interwoven failures and successes, contentments and discontentments, tears and smiles.

Days move on with ever increasing strides. June comes, we receive our diplomas, dance to the measure and melody of sweet music at the Final Ball, call the last class roll, all for what ? to break forever the chrome steel ties of love and brotherhood which four years of close contact, association and friendly intercourse have wrought.

Our lips repel the utterance of a last farewell, as we separate and go forth alone to face the turmoil, trials and adversities of a busy world. Let us be guided by the maxims propounded by our instructors here within the sacred walls and beneath the imposing shades of our fond “Alma Mater.”

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of Class of '92.

MYTHOLOGY records instances of the gods foretelling the futures of men. Whether destinies are revealed to men of this generation or not, I shall leave to my kind readers to decide for themselves, after carefully noticing the events set forth in the following veracious narrative.

One night during the spring of this year, I was awakened from my slumbers by a mysterious noise, and rising up I was very much frightened, at first glance, by a ghost-like creature, who was slowly approaching my bed. As the creature came nearer I thought I recognized in it a spirit of the other world, which it doubtless must have been.

The Spirit, as I have given the creature that title, beckoned to me, and as if drawn by some unseen force I arose and followed him.

When we had reached the air outside the Spirit said to me in a low tone of voice, "What I show you to-night tell no man." The words were hardly spoken when we were enveloped by a cloud of darkness and carried to parts unknown.

Then the Spirit spoke, "Let there be light." Opening my eyes I saw that I was in a great cathedral with high-arched ceiling bedecked with beautiful works of art.

Hearing some one speaking, I turned and saw a stately man in the pulpit delivering a sermon to a large and attentive audience. Being curious to know who this man might be, I ventured to ask the Spirit who he was. I was told that it was the Rev. John H. Addison, the noted Episcopal minister.

While looking at him we were enveloped by the cloud and carried to a large ballroom filled with society belles and beaux. Among the

men there was one who especially attracted my attention. He was surrounded by a group of beautiful girls, each one of whom seemed to be imploring him to choose her for his partner in the next dance.

"Who can that man be?" said I to the Spirit. I was told he was C. P. Nelson, the leader of New York society.

As he spoke we were carried to a gathering of people which, from appearances, was a political meeting.

In their midst, standing on a platform was a man who was speaking to the crowd in very eloquent language. "This man," said the Spirit, "is the Hon. R. G. Goolsby, one of the greatest political speakers of to-day."

As suddenly as before the scene changes and I find myself in a doctor's office, which was furnished in very handsome style. While looking round the office a man entered whom I immediately recognized as E. H. Marsteller.

As we passed out of the door I read this placard (Dr. E. H. Marsteller, office hours any time that you wish to come in).

As I finished reading the placard, another scene meets my gaze.

It is that of a poultry yard; scattered here and there were game chickens of every description.

There is a man feeding them, whose face seemed familiar to me. On looking at him more closely I recognized C. C. Schoen, who, when I knew him, was a lover of game chickens.

Another scene passes before me, which is apparently a wine press. Here, a man who seems to be manager, attracts my attention, and I ask the Spirit who he is. He tells me that he is my old class-mate J. L. Sneed who has been in the wine business since his graduation and has made himself famous as the maker of the best sweet wine on the market.

The next scene was that of a mechanic's shop. It had drawings of car-couplers hung all over the walls. Seated at a table in the center of the room was a man who was drawing some mechanical structure. "This man," said the Spirit, "is W. B. Lewis, the inventor of the Lewis car-coupler, now being used on all the principal railroads in this country."

The Spirit, taking me by the hand, leads me into a deep cavern where, after a short time, we came to a small vault, with a small light in one corner, under which is a short, stout-built man, who was employed in writing curious signs on a sheet of paper.

I enquired of the Spirit who he was and received the following answer: "The United States would give this man's weight in gold to have him safely locked within a prison wall. He is Wilson Hoge, the leader of the anarchists."

As we came out of this cavern we were snatched up by the cloud and borne to New Orleans where I was carried into a doctor's office. At a desk sat a man whom I immediately recognized as John Poitevent and as we went out of the door I saw a placard which read "Dr. John Poitevent, Specialty, Rheumatism."

From here we were carried to an immense opera house where a minstrel troupe was playing. Noticing a man on the end whose face seemed familiar to me I asked the Spirit who he was. "He is H. L. Percivall, the manager of the troupe, and his minstrels have become far-famed under his leadership," was the ghostly reply.

While looking at this scene it suddenly changes and instead of the minstrels there is a large orchestra playing a very familiar and beautiful piece of music. The Spirit told me that the music was "The Battle of New Market," which was composed by W. W. Hubbard, who, after he had completed his composition was immediately brought before the musical world as a wonderful musician.

As the Spirit ceased speaking we were carried to another scene. It was that of a typical Virginia farm, everything was in the very best order, excellent stock of all kinds roaming here and there over the woodlands. Being curious to know who the owner of this farm was I asked the Spirit, who told me that it belonged to P. H. Montgomery, and that he was one of the most prosperous farmers in this section of the country.

After saying this the Spirit led me into a large recitation room of a celebrated college. Here seated at a desk was a small man who was delivering a lecture on mathematics—about the fourth dimension—to a large audience of students. This man I recognized as my

class-mate, T. A. Jones, and I was told by the Spirit that he had become a celebrated professor.

When we came out of the university building, we strolled down a small street and noticed a man standing in the doorway of a small house and in front of the house a pole with the usual barber's sign painted on it, and above the door the placard, H. G. Ellett, Barber. I looked at the man more closely and recognized my old class-mate Ellett.

From here the Spirit led me into an artist's studio. In the middle of the room under a skylight sitting before an easel was a large portly man whom I immediately recognized as A. C. Crump. From the appearance of the studio he must have been an artist of no little note.

With lightning rapidity we were carried to a musician's room in which I saw my former class-mate P. C. Harding. He was instructing a large class of young musicians, and I learned from the Spirit that "Phil." has made music his profession, and that he has made for himself a very large fortune.

As quickly as before the scene changes to that of a Montana gold mine. Here was a very tall man with his hat drawn down over his face. He seemed to be superintending the mine. As we came up closer to him he turns and looks toward us and I immediately recognize another of the class of '98, A. C. Raleigh, who I was told had become a great mining king.

The Spirit now takes me into an immense gymnasium in which I see J. H. Wood, who has a large class of college boys putting them through the various movements of the dumb bells and Indian clubs. I asked the Spirit to what college this gymnasium belonged and was told, that it belonged to an athletic association of great fame.

Another scene presented itself and I here see a man on bended knees with clasped hands pleading his cause to a fair maiden. From the attitude of the man I immediately recognize him as my class-mate J. D. Taylor.

The Spirit told me that he had formed this habit when he was at the Virginia Military Institute and it had grown on him to such an extent that he had never been able to quit it.

The scene now changes to that of a barroom, and behind the bar is a short, stout-built, curly-headed man, who is telling of his school days and about his football playing at V. M. I. I looked at the man attentively and was surprised to recognize R. C. Marshall, for while at school with him he was one of the most moral boys of our class.

We are gathered up again, and when I am able to see once more I am before a large, handsome residence, on the porch of which, a man whose face seemed very familiar to me, is sitting and smoking a cigar. Then I said to the Spirit "Can this man be W. A. McNeil, my room-mate at school?" "Yes," said the Spirit, "he married an heiress soon after leaving college and has lived in ease and luxury ever since."

We are again surrounded by a cloud and when I open my eyes I see I am in some sort of a cave. Above the door the words "Blue Grotto" were written. The Spirit now shows me a man down on his knees who seems to be hunting for something, and I was told that he was J. O. Steger, my room-mate, hunting for the money which he lost in the Blue Grotto in Nashville, Tennessee.

As we came out of the cave I was attracted by a sound which was very familiar to me. Turning, I recognized my room-mate F. S. Hereford and the sound as that of "Rinkety-dink," our old class yell. I learned from the Spirit that Hereford had succeeded so well in this line that he had taken it up as a business and had made for himself a snug little fortune.

As the Spirit tells me this I hear a sound of a drum and it becomes louder and louder. The Spirit vanishes and the drum ceases.

I am awakened by the Corporal who tells me I was reported absent from reveille, and find after all that this is only a dream.

H. S. E., '98.

'98 Class March.

Comp. by { P. C. Harding.
A. C. Ralesgh.
J. Harding
Arr. by H. Krause B.M., V.M.I.

Introd.

240

Tempo di Marcia

不



Air of "Monte Carlo."

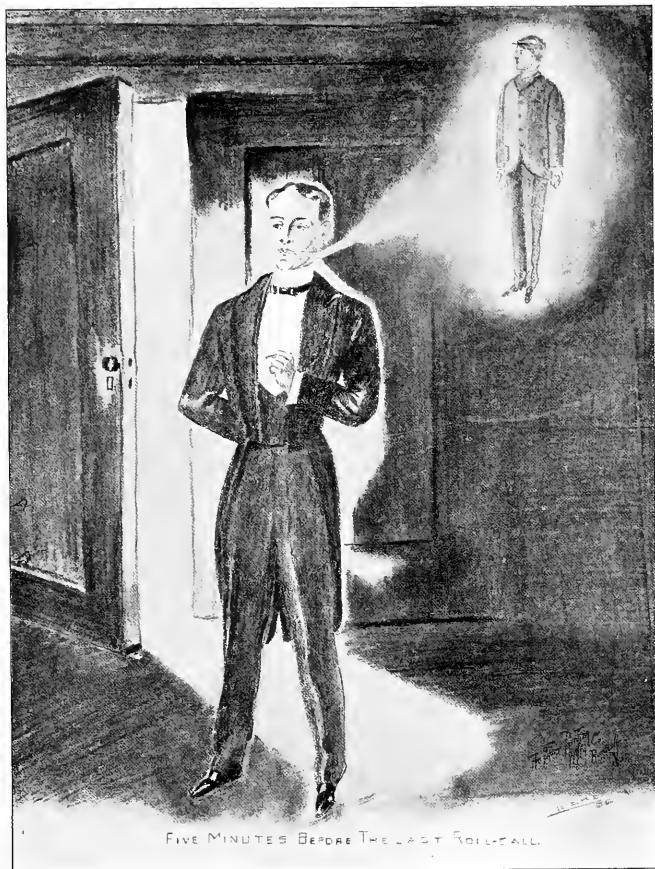
We 've just arrived from our dear homes for one more year of hell,
I can tell you we are swell, what we do we do it well ;
We 've come to eat the "Growley " and to masticate the pie,
For we are the only class at V. M. I.
For we are the only class at V. M. I.

CHORUS.

As we walk along the second stoop you can here us give our yell,
We are always raising hell, while the sentinel cries " All 's well ; "
Oh, we paint the flag while studies lag, we are always on a
happy jag,
We are the Class of Ninety-Eight at V. M. I.
We drink, we smoke, we chew, we cuss, we do the thing up brown,
We are the finest in the town and you will never find us down ;
If old " Billy " tries to bust another Lieu. he will see
That this dear old class will mutiny,
That this dear old class will mutiny.

During recreation hour among the songs that fill the the air,
You can bet '98 is there, she is in it everywhere ;
Old gold, it is our color mixed with a purple hue,
And to '98 we always will be true,
And to '98 we always will be true.

—H. L. P. '98.



FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE LAST ROLL-CALL.

CLASS OF '99.

Colors.

LAVENDER AND MAROON.

Hell.

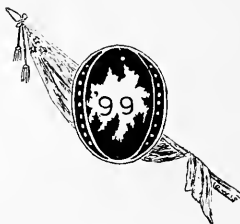
Holy ! Monkey !—I !
Ancient ! V. M. I !
Take a drink or die !
Of old Kentucky !—I !
Mulacrow ! Mulacrow ! Mulacrow ! Mi !
Cairo ! Cairo ! Cairo !—Ki !
Dites ! Alui ! Atem ! Tay ! Tay !—Ti !
Ninety-nine ! Ninety-nine ! V. M. I. !

Officers.

M. E. LOCKE, OHIO, PRESIDENT AND HISTORIAN.
G. A. DERBYSHIRE, VIRGINIA, VICE-PRESIDENT.

Members.

G. H. Alexander, Va.	M. E. Locke, Ohio.	L. Powel, Va.
J. B. Ayers Va.	J. J. Marshall, Va.	W. D. Scott, Va.
S. F. Denby, D. C.	V. E. McBee, S. C.	H. L. Shaner, Va.
G. A. Derbyshire, Va.	S. H. Meem, Va.	D. B. Shaver, Va.
A. B. Dockery, Miss.	R. W. Miller, Va.	F. A. Sullivan, Va.
H. S. Ervay, Col.	A. Moreno, S. A.	S. G. Talbott, Va.
P. D. Ewing, Penn.	H. G. Morrison, Va.	J. E. Venable, Va.
D. Griffin, Texas.	D. Otey, Va.	D. T. Williams, Va.
W. M. Gwin, Cal.	J. K. Payne, Va.	W. Wood, Va.
F. Jones, Va.	J. M. Peters, Va.	J. W. Yates, Va.
J. C. Kent, Va.	G. W. Pohl, N. Y.	N. Young, Va.
H. J. Kremer, Ohio.	E. Poitevent, Miss.	W. L. Zimmer, Va.
L. K. Leake, Va.	A. C. Polk, Texas.	



History of '99.

ONE O'CLOCK, August 31st, 1895, and a blistering hot day. Such was the period and condition of affairs indelibly stamped in the memory of eight "rats" who, "finned out" in single rank, stood in front of the barracks whose turreted walls had looked down on many a similar, but to us, no such eventful scene. Our class attending its first formation. Only eight of us then, but we were the nucleus of that gathering of men who were to make '99 the synonym of worth and honor in the chronicles of classes.

Every day our number was augmented until it rose above seventy, and we stood a class completed, with all the field of Institute life before us. It was, indeed, a new field for us. Green and "cheeky," we passed through all the series of blunders, trials, and misfortunes which are a "rat's" peculiar heritage from the preceding class.

Each day, however, brought its additional fund of barracks knowledge to us. Each day as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" we learned those principles which regulate the ethics of classes at the Institute. Each day we strove diligently to learn those unwritten time-honored laws and customs on which are based the education of all "rats" that we might properly inculcate them on those who were



CLASS OF '99.

2000

2000
2000
2000
2000

to follow us. After labor and pain we all did learn them and longed for the day when we should be no longer pupils but teachers, striving to bring up our charges in the paths which we had trodden.

During the fall occurred the Atlanta trip when we passed a week of pleasure and strange adventure. The year passed quickly. Camp, "exams.," and finals were finished at last. Then off to Richmond and the re-union, where, after a week's camp in that most hospitable of places, we separated for two months.

Then next September found most of us back to enter upon our third class year. Our career was uneventful until the month of December came which brought with it a spirit of unrest and mischief that filled the court-yard with fireworks and strewed the ground with bombs. The "Black Hand" had descended upon all, and on New Year's night the "Great Rebellion" broke out which for a time threatened our class's further existence, together with that of the others who joined in the affair. With penalty tours and confinements imposed upon us as penance for our misdeeds the time wore away.

Spring with its drills soon put an end to the "winter of our discontent" by making us think of finals and the summer. Camp with its discomforts came at last; then back we marched to barracks for the ordeal of the "exams." and after them Commencement brought to a close our third class year.

The present year finds '99 still a goodly gathering. The great event of the fall was the Nashville trip. Even now long after when some of the "faithful" are gathered together there are repeated the legends of the Blue Grotto and tales are told of how we laid that district low during that delightful period of relaxation from labor. Alas! The days when we put "unlout" on Vanity Fair are but memories. "Ilium first," and the same must be said of the Centennial and our pilgrimage thereto.

When classes are talked of in the Institute life, when men weigh in the balance the worth and prestige of a class, one of the first questions the weigher asks himself is, "What have they done in Athletics?" We leave it to the men who represent us in every branch of V. M. I. Athletics to answer for us. Football, baseball, gymnasium teams,

all number among their members men whose deeds have brought a reputation for athletic prowess to '99. As in athletics, so in every case, when the weigher asks "What have they done?" we point to our deeds in every sphere of action here in which a name may be won, from being the best "gim-fakers" up to being the best soldiers and athletes.

With great expectations and high hopes of honorable achievement in all things which make a class a class we entered on our career and now, at the end of our third year with the "blues" and the prerogatives of first-classmen awaiting us, we behold the realization of those hopes and expectations. The summer draws near when for the last time we leave as cadets on summer furlough. Our return will mark the beginning of the last long pull toward what is every class's goal—its graduation. May it be as ever a pull altogether, for one another and—for '99.

HISTORIAN.

Class Song of '99.

(Air, "Marguerite of Montico")

Fifty men strong bound by friendship's tie,
Fifty men here at the V. M. I.,
Form a class, the finest of the fine,
The class of Ninety-nine.
Fifty men, we walk our stoop around,
Fifty men, no better can be found;
Fifty men, we 're always right in line,
The class of Ninety-nine.

CHORUS:

O! Ninety-nine, Thou wilt never perish;
O! Ninety-nine, Thee we 'll ever cherish;
Bright gleams thy star and may it ever shine.
Cheer her with a vim, boys,
Cheer her with a vim, boys, Ninety-nine!

Proudly then her banner we unfold;
Ever to her colors we will hold,—
Maroon and Lavender we combine
To be thy colors, Ninety-nine.
Ever let us have it as our aim
To advance thy loved and honored name,
Ever strive to win thee lasting fame,
Dear class of Ninety-nine.

M. E. L., '99.

CLASS OF 1900.

Colors.

Olive and Maroon.

Hell.

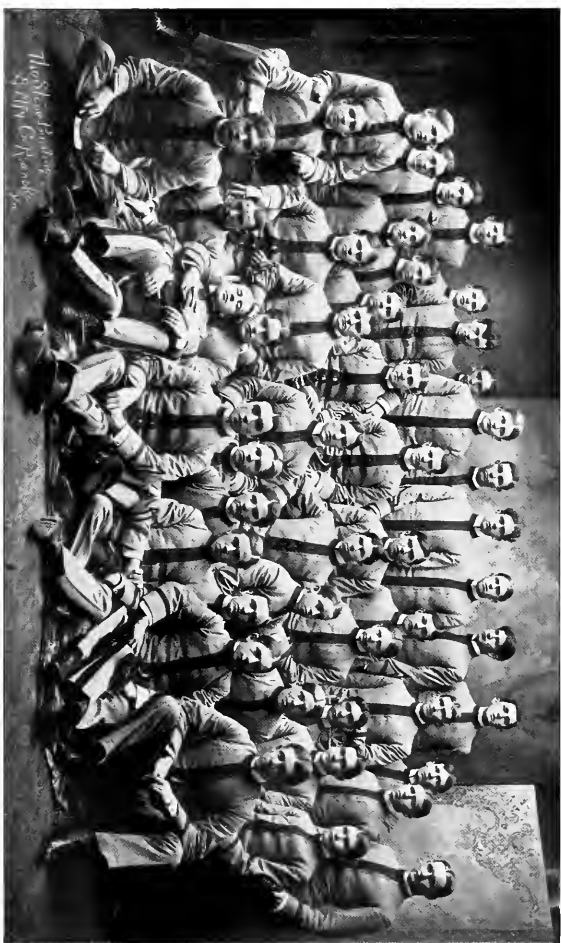
Hellabaloo ! hellabaloo !
Hellabaloo ! bala !
Clicka ! Clacka !
Clicka ! Clacka !
Sis ! boom ! ba !
Keero ! Keero ! Keero ! ki !
We are the class 1900 V. M. I.
Alligoro ! goro ! goran !
Alligoro ! goro ! goran !
Hi ! hip ! Ki ! hip !
Hippity ! Hippity ! Hi !
1900 ! 1900 ! V. M. I.

Officers.

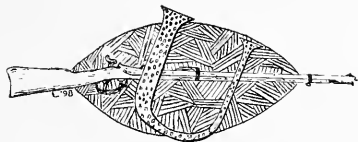
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., VIRGINIA, PRESIDENT.
C. RICE, VIRGINIA, VICE-PRESIDENT.
J. D. MONCURE, VIRGINIA, HISTORIAN.

Members.

F. B. Alderdice, Md.	W. W. Gibbs, Va.	J. D. Moncure, Va.
J. L. Allgood, Va.	O. K. Hamblen, Tex.	J. L. Mullins, Va.
C. F. Bedwell, Ohio.	J. Harding, Mo.	S. C. Nott, La.
E. S. Berry, Cal.	H. T. Hine, Va.	G. B. Palmer, Md.
D. M. Bernard, Va.	C. R. Howard, Va.	J. Pasco, Fla.
E. Biscoe, D. C.	J. W. G. Hyatt, Va.	A. J. Pizzini, Va.
W. A. Blackford, Va.	D. P. Janney, Va.	R. B. Poague, Va.
J. R. N. Boyd, Va.	R. A. Johnston, Mo.	L. A. Robertson, Tex.
G. D. Brooke, Va.	H. L. Jordan, Va.	L. A. Robinson, Tex.
F. Z. Brown, Va.	L. W. Langhorne, Va.	W. Shands, Va.
A. S. Buford, Va.	H. M. Laska, Tex.	E. M. Spencer, Mo.
J. W. Carroll, Va.	G. E. Lewis, Fla.	L. E. Tate, Tex.
P. B. Clark, N. Y.	J. M. Luke, Va.	C. Taylor, Fla.
G. P. Craighill, Va.	J. J. McCracken, Va.	R. A. P. Walker, Va.
B. J. Epes, Va.	J. L. Meem, Va.	C. F. Williams, N. Y.
G. H. Esser, Va.	C. H. Minge, La.	J. M. Winston, Va.
H. G. Foote, Ohio.		



CLASS OF 1900



History of 1900.

UPON the first day of September, 1896, the Class of Nineteen Hundred was born at V. M. I. Upon that day eighty-odd green and awkward "rats," members of the new-born class might be seen lounging upon the green grass of the parade ground or curiously exploring the mysteries of barracks.

That first day is a happy one for the "rat." He bears in his mind a vivid remembrance of his recent parting with the "old folks at home." He treasures deep down in his heart the memory of his mother's parting kiss, and deep down in his trouser pocket the more substantial result of his father's good-bye. He is here to learn to wear the grey uniform of the V. M. I. boy and to be the pride of his relations, and the envy of his citizen friends.

Ask him upon that first day why he should not be happy and he could not answer you, but ask him the same question a few days later when the old cadets begin to arrive in appalling numbers and their thoughtful attentions become more frequent and pressing, when Harman possesses the greater part of his father's precious gift, when he, with his companions in misery, is herded in front of barracks, three times a day, marched out upon the parade ground, grown dry and dusty now, and there taught the trying technicalities of the School of the Soldier, and you will be surprised at the hopelessness of his answer. Yea, verily, the life of a "rat" at the V. M. I. is a hard one.

Every member of the class of 1900 has passed through this trying ordeal; this ordeal from which spring friendships that stand the wear

and tear of a lifetime; this ordeal that goes far towards changing the boy into the man.

And creditably, too, has 1900 passed through her fourth class year. Upon the athletic field, in the dusty section room, she has made a record for which no man need blush. Four men upon the football team, three upon the baseball team, and two upon the gymnasium team were 1900's fourth class honors in athletics. For her honors elsewhere we refer you to the Faculty of V. M. I. and the visiting "calic" at last year's finals.

When the strains of Auld Lang Syne floated across the parade ground and bore to the listening ears of the rear rank the joyful tidings that we were rats no more, the number of members of our class had dwindled from eighty-odd to sixty. Out of this number there returned, after the summer vacation, only forty-five men nearly half of whom bore on either arm the corporal's chevron, the envy of the "rat" and the pride of its wearer.

For the first few days after we had arrived in barracks, with the glorious consciousness that we were old cadets and eager, therefore, to take up our career where we had left off, there was nothing talked of and little else thought of but the coming trip to Nashville.

While the "rats" were being licked into shape for the anticipated trip, the football devotees were surprised by the advent of another member of 1900 upon the gridiron. The Earl has developed into a first-class football player and has united his efforts to those of the other four who are nobly winning laurels for 1900.

At last the long looked for day came, when 1900 with her sister classes boarded the train for Nashville. "D" Company's men will always remember how Jim's voice, lifted in sweetest melody, cheered us upon that long and wearisome journey. And, when night covered us with its funereal pall, how gently did his snore mingle with the rattle of the wheels and the puffing of the engine.

The memory of our first night at Nashville will always be a pleasant one. Hungry and begrimed with cinders we landed at the station and from there were marched through the Exposition grounds to the comfortable and remarkably clean tents of the encampment.

From there we were marched to the Café Militaire where a magnificent feast awaited us. How grateful were the savory odors of that feast to our famished souls. We attacked it greedily and then stopped, even amidst our hunger, to admire the elegant service, and the dexterity and neatness of the waiters. After supper we were marched back to camp and, having been informed that taps would be at twelve o'clock, were dismissed. Then classmate called classmate and the V. M. I. boys began to "do" the grounds.

At first we were a little confused by the brilliantly lighted grounds with the multitude of sights and innumerable places of amusement. But that night when we returned to camp at twelve o'clock we realized the efficacy of the old adage "do that which lies nearest," and we did that which lay nearest, and so we were enabled to see all that was to be seen and to hear all that was to be heard at the Nashville Exposition.

Nineteen hundred was with the foremost in pleasure as in everything else. Her men might be seen everywhere; shooting the chutes, in the Giant See Saw, in the Blue Grotto, etc. Once two grey-clad figures bestrode the backs of those two doughty camels, Holy Moses and Holy Smoke, and galloped along the Streets of Cairo much to the amusement of its Turkish inhabitants. Again, our president with a few of his trustiest followers, becoming entangled in the mysteries of the Mystic Maze, threatened, to the fright of the proprietor, to break his way out with his walking cane. It is to be pleaded in excuse of our president that his mind was befuddled by the devious turnings and subtle devices of the place, not, we positively affirm, by anything else.

At length the dreaded day came when we were to leave Nashville which, in spite of the drills, the Café Militaire and the inconveniences of camping, was an earthly paradise to us. Deprived of buttons, money and every article of clean clothing we possessed, we gathered our scant belongings together and boarded the train for Lexington.

We arrived in that historic city, filled with joyous recollections of our trip and ready to attack with vim the serious work that lay before us.

After the intermediate examinations were duly and creditably passed, the bayonet scabbard was wielded by forty-five sinewy arms and eight new men were welcomed to the class of 1900. Eight new men who, without a doubt, will reflect credit upon the "naughty naughts."

The long ten months are slowly but surely drawing to a close. Spring drills have commenced and final "exams." will soon be upon us. The men of 1900 are looking forward to that day when once more the strains of Auld Lang Syne will be wafted across the parade grounds, when the corps of '98 will hear for the last time the thunderous report of the evening gun and smell its smoke as it drifts, in a blue curling cloud nearly hiding the white trousers of "D" Company's left; that day when all small differences are forgotten, when the trunks are packed and every man cries: "All honor to old V. M. I."

HISTORIAN.

Class Song of 1900.

Tune, "Send back the Picture and the Wedding Ring."

1.

Far away upon the hillside of the "Old Dominion" land
Stands the time-worn pile of ancient V. M. I.,
Where the class of nineteen hundred, a true and fearless band,
Bears the hardships of a life at V. M. I.
CHORUS:—Let us leave a soldier's hardships for the old home love
That we knew in days of yore,
For the comfort and the sunshine from the clear skies above,
Then we'll ask for nothing more.

2.

Three and fifty men are we in bonds of "naughty naught,"—
The first in fight and danger and in fun ;
The first upon the battle-field when battle must be fought,
The last to leave it when the fight is done.

3.

When we march across the hill in uniforms of gray,
And draw all eyes at exhibition drill,
The "Calics" they all smile at us, so jaunty and so gay,
For nineteen hundred comes prepared to kill.

4.

Now the session 's almost over and our blood runs high with joy,
For soon we 'll board the train for " Home, Sweet Home,"
Where a mother's love is waiting to welcome her soldier boy,
Where a father's pride, a sister's care is known.

CLASS OF 1901.

Bell.

1—9—0—1, who are we?
Nineteen hundred and one,
Don't you see!!
Hi Ro! Ski Ro!!
Hi—Ro—Ki!!!
Naught one! Naught one!!!
V.—M.—I.

Colors.

White and Purple.

Officers.

C. C. McCABE, PRESIDENT.
A. E. MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT.

Members.

Baldwin, W. P., Georgia	Logan, G. W., Virginia
Baskerville, W. K., Virginia	Luning, N. T., California
Bisbee, A. W., China	Marshall, G. C., Pennsylvania
Bisbee, K. D., China	Martin, E. S., Virginia
Blackford, G. T., Virginia	McCabe, C. C., Maryland
Britton, L. A., New Jersey	McCabe, E. R., Maryland
Browne, B. B., Virginia	McCormick, P., Jr., Virginia
Burgdorf, A. J., District of Columbia	McGhee, C. L., North Carolina
Coffee, A. G., Missouri	Miller, A. E., Virginia
Cannon, E. L., Virginia	Miller, B. F., Virginia
Cannon, J. F., North Carolina	Moncure, R., Virginia
Carden, L., Virginia	Moore, A. C., Virginia
Carothers, W. R., Ohio	Moore, J. M., Arkansas
Carter, T. S., Virginia	Morris, L. S., Virginia
Castleman, H. B., Virginia	Nelson, L. T., Virginia
Christy, M. B., Pennsylvania	Ney, C., Virginia
Collis, C., New York	Nichols, J. N., Virginia
Doniphan, E. S., New York	Nicholson, L. K., Louisiana
Drake, J. H., Virginia	Patterson, W. P., Virginia
Ecker, H. G., Virginia	Peyton, P. B., Virginia
Ellet, C. A., Virginia	Phelan, J. E., Tennessee
Evans, W. R., Indian Territory	Pollard, R. L., Jr., Texas
Fisher, J. J., Jr., Missouri	Porter, D. L., Virginia
Flemming, J. H., Jr., Virginia	Potter, G. W., Kentucky
Fray, W. H., Jr., Virginia	Price, H. H., Georgia
Fry, H. P., Tennessee	Puett, S. F. M., Indiana
Fulton, R. G., Ohio	Ryland, E., Virginia
Galloway, A. C., Ohio	Saunders, G. R., Texas
Gillum, J. R., Indiana	Sexton, R. W., Virginia
Godfrey, D. E., Arizona	Shoemaker, F. G., Jr., Missouri
Goodwin, W., Jr., District of Columbia	Stuart, C. E., Virginia
Gresham, F. S., Texas	Tanner, B. M., Louisiana
Hartz, R. S., Virginia	Tinsley, B. T., Virginia
Hemmick, G. L., England	Todd, T., Maryland
Howard, P. W. V., District of Columbia	Truxton, I. W., Virginia
Hudson, J. B., Texas	Twitty, J. D., Virginia
Jennings, K. V., Texas	Tyler, A. M., Kentucky
Johnson, J. V., Arkansas	Wall, L., Maryland
Johnson, R. W., Arkansas	Watson, G. W., Virginia
Jones, D. A., Ohio	Weller, L. A., North Carolina
Kelley, H. E., Indiana	Wilford, M. M., Kentucky
Lane, S., Virginia	Wilson, E. W., Florida
Lemoine, R. B., Virginia	Wingo, C. E., Jr., Virginia
Levy, J. M., Texas	



CLASS OF 1901.



History of the Class of 1901.

ON the first day of September, 1897, there appeared at the headquarters of the Virginia Military Institute the germ of that great brotherhood, the "Class of 1901," in the shape of about a score of bright, happy young fellows. How happy were these same boys as they left the Adjutant's office as cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. As they crossed the parade ground how interesting was everything to them, the tall yellow walls of barracks rising in front, the flags floating lazily on the turrets, the cool shady carriage way on the right, with a background of blue mountains on every side. They rapidly near the arch and eager to cross the rubicon, stop only to examine George and his old companions, the French guns. When they turn to take this last look at the outer world a deep voice is suddenly heard behind them and in a tone that makes their blood run cold, is heard, "Fin out, Rats!!" They "about face" with a jerk and a terrible sight meets their horrified gaze, a newly made cadet corporal.

But enough of this; I can dwell no longer upon those terrible experiences of our early life. I must not harrow your minds by relating tales of our younger days, that would make the very blood curdle in your veins. Let it suffice to say that we grew in number day by day and at last passed through those weeks of trials and tribulations, sadder but wiser rats.

The next thing we knew, we were in Nashville, taking in the Exposition for all we were worth (which is saying a great deal) and were well represented everywhere, from a Y. M. C. A. meeting to "Old Vienna."

We began the New Year by electing C. C. McCabe, President, and A. E. Miller, Vice-President, both the very cream of our class. In February our class number was increased by the addition of eight new men. We now number eighty-six.

In baseball this year we expect to be well represented, as we now have some promising men in the field. There is also hope for us on this year's gymnasium team and in football next fall.

Nineteen hundred and one has representatives from all parts of the globe, for we have men from China to England, from New York to Arizona, and from California to Florida.

As humble "rats" we now live a happy life on this dear old fourth stoop and as we live we cement stronger, day by day, that great bond of brotherhood for which old V. M. I. is noted and which shall never be broken, even after that great final roll call, where the "Class of 1901" will "fall in," "present or accounted for."

HISTORIAN.

Class Song 1901.

AIR "Maryland my Maryland."

I

Who will booze till booze is gone?
The noble class of Nineteen one.
Who is a boozier every one?
This same old class of Nineteen one
Who will booze till rise of sun?
Who will booze till night is done?
There is but one class, only one,
This sporty class of Nineteen one.

II

Who love to "run the block" at night,
And stay out till the morning's light?
Who helps the teams keep up their fight?
Who helps them keep their record bright?
On the baseball field who scores the runs?
The players in old Nineteen one.
On the football field who 's in the game?
This same old class of mighty name.

III

When we bid each other fond adieux,
And leave our chums so tried and true,
When comes our graduation year,
We 'll leave this school, so fond and dear,
Then good-bye to all and everyone,
Good-bye our class of Nineteen one.
Though time may come and time may go,
We 'll remember you forevermore.

—W. P. F. & R. 1901.



ONCE, SAYS THE GENERAL.
'ONCE', DID YOU DRAIN;
IT WAS ONCE TOO MANY.
SO NEVER AGAIN.

***Two U. M. I. Celebrities.**

TWO veterans repose at the Virginia Military Institute whose careers have been eventful. More than two centuries fill the measure of their time on earth; and they have been thundering out history when their present home and country were little known. Few perhaps who visit them know much of these resplendent bronze French guns.

During the American Revolution of 1776 Lafayette was induced to return to France in search of aid for the colonies. He was not only to enlist the active co-operation of the King and his government, but also to procure munitions of war and any other substantial help. He fulfilled his commission most faithfully. Among other abundant evidences of this, on a certain day a French Corvette entered the capes of Virginia laden with supplies. She was noticed by a British ship and pursued with the hope of capture. Being hard pressed by her adversary, the little Frenchman took refuge in York river, but was followed by her enemy. At length she found a place of safety at Cumberland Landing, in New Kent County, where she could float, but where the water was too shoal for the English ship. Here she put ashore her cargo. From all we can learn, this considered chiefly of ordnance and artillery stores. It was at this place that our veterans now at Lexington first pressed American soil.

Originally there were eleven of them, but one fell overboard in the effort to get them ashore. The remaining ten lay at Cumberland until it was feared they might be carried off by the enemy. Consequently, under order of an officer appointed for the purpose, they were

*Adapted from the *Richmond Dispatch* of July, 1889.

placed upon flat boats and floated up to a place called Taylor's Ferry, on the Pamunky river, near old Hanover town, twenty miles from Richmond. Here they were once more landed, and here they slumbered in the silence of the forest, within the sound of singing birds, totally oblivious of the war, which at a short distance was causing trouble and confusion. They were never used by the Americans; they never uttered "the last argument of kings," nor have their voices ever been heard since they left the shores of France.

In the summer of 1781 Colonel Tarlton was hurrying towards Yorktown from one of his marauding expeditions, when he discovered these guns. He could not carry them off, because they weighed more than a ton apiece. But he had to do something, although he had little time to spare. In his own account, subsequently given, he says he spiked several of them and rolled others into the river. After the war was over six out of the ten were found still remaining at Taylor's Ferry, consequently the others must be in the river now. In the year 1801 these six were hauled up to Richmond, and for many years lay in the tall grass and weeds under the trees in the corner of what is now the Capitol Square, opposite the Valentine House. From this place they were removed to the State Armory on the banks of the James River Canal, which was destroyed by fire at the fall of Richmond, in 1865. Many remember the brilliant array these magnificent pieces presented as they appeared mounted on the parapet at the Armory. Their elaborate armorial bearings and rich decorations, their patrician origin and eventful history made them always objects of interest. Their nearest neighbors were six huge iron seige-pieces used by the British in the defense of Yorktown, and captured at that place. From the year 1840 they remained at the State Armory undisturbed until the breaking out of the war between the States. One of them was ruthlessly disturbed upon the occasion of the Pawnee panic in 1861, when it was supposed it might be serviceable in crushing the Federal monster supposed to be coming up James river. Of course it was never used, but was returned to its place in the Armory. As the war of secession progressed the Confederate States needed artillery. At first iron alone was used in casting guns, but brass or bronze was afterwards thought

necessary, and four of these rare and beautiful old pieces were melted up for this purpose. It was a useless sacrifice of precious metal, an ill-advised and irreparable destruction of a style of military decoration now very scarce in the world. Under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris are a few specimens of these long twenty-four pounder guns. They are held in sacred regard by the French, and the visitor is not allowed to do more than look with admiration upon them. They represent the golden age of war in the time of the Great Louis, and are decorated with his own emblazonry and the names of some of his great chiefs, his natural sons with their arms, quarterings and mottoes. The famous six that were once in the Virginia State Armory belonged to the same series and bore the same dates and the like insignia. They had been used in the wars of the Spanish succession, and figured as siege pieces in Marlborough's campaigns. With the six guns were also two twelve inch mortars and their massive beds, all brass, and gorgeously decorated with devices suggestive of their fiery functions, and bearing appropriately for motto the words "*Non solis radios, sed fulmina Jovis, mitto.*" These also were devoured by the furnaces of the Confederacy. Fortunately, Governor Letcher rescued from like destruction the two guns now at Lexington. He had them transported by water from Richmond to that place to avoid capture should the Confederate capitol fall into the hands of the enemy.

Notwithstanding this precaution, the two distinguished refugees were found by the Federal General Hunter, when he made his fruitless and disgraceful campaign up the Valley of Virginia, and were by him carried off to Wheeling, West Virginia. Upon the restoration of peace upon application by the authorities of the Institute, through General Mumford, President of V. M. I. Alumni Association, General Grant magnanimously ordered them to be returned to the place they now occupy. There were a few smaller pieces of the same style of gun in the Armory when it was burned. They had been captured at the Point of Forks, near Columbia, Fluvanna County, by Colonel Simcoe; were taken to Yorktown by him, and were used by the English against their old friends, the Americans. They were recaptured, brought to Richmond, and with a few exceptions, perished in the ill-fated Armory.

A few of these French guns are to be found at Fortress Monroe, and, perhaps, at the Gosport Navy Yard. These had been captured by the Spaniards from the French, brought to America, and mounted on the castle of San Juan D'Ulloa at Vera Cruz. From this place they were taken by General Winfield Scott and brought as trophies of his conquest upon his return from campaigning in that country. All of the ordnance corresponding to these of which we write were cast by the Berengiers, twin brothers at Donai, in France, and during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

The cost of making these guns must have been very great. After one was cast it was subjected to the action of a lathe, then the designs were drawn upon it. These were of the most elaborate and ornate character, and were done with the chisel of the most expert workmen. Tracerics and etchings and groovings began at the muzzle of the piece and were continued along the shaft to the breech. The trunnion handles were exquisitely wrought dolphins, the vent was in the center of a small shell, the cascobel was decorated by an opening flower, and over all this at their appropriate places were arranged the mottoes and emblazonries. Each piece had its name, which was placed near the muzzle. Some of these were quite significant. We recall a few, "La Militaire," "Le Demoniaque," "Le Gourmand," "L'Advocat," "L'Envie," and "Le Severe," the last two of which are at the Institute. Then succeeded those words so full of potent when found near the cannon's mouth, "*ultima ratio regum.*" Louis XIV had many favorites. Most of them were given high military positions for which they were totally unfit. Some of these guns were decorated with the escutcheons of such. That of the Duc de Maine, with its bar sinister, was conspicuous on one. He was the natural son of the King by Madame de Montespan, and therefore his shield could not bear any other device than this evidence of his illegitimacy. On one of them were the arms of the gallant Mareschal D'Humieres who was an unfortunate, but heroic servant of the King. But the most imposing of all these decorations was that which symbolized the glory of the "Grand Monarque" himself, when it had reached its zenith. Immediately over the breech of the piece was the design of a full-orbed

sun, dispensing light and heat to every part of the horizon by its golden rays. The striking device was made still more effective by that ostentatious boast of his unrivalled power, expressed in the words "*nec pluribus impar.*"

The historical and intrinsic value of these relics may now be better understood. Historical because they serve to recall the events of a period in which the highest powers of the human mind were displayed in science and art, in literature and in war—the age of Louis XIV. Every tyro in his history is familiar with the splendor of his achievements and their subsequent relations to the fate of Europe. These guns are intrinsically valuable because the metal of which they are cast is not the bronze of the present day, and is very scarce. We have seen with how much reverence and care those now preserved in Paris are protected. These in our possession have the additional claim upon our regard, in that they were sent to Virginia by Lafayette to aid in the defence of the colony. Count Bertrand, after his return to Europe from St. Helena, came to this country. During his stay in America he visited Richmond. Mr. John A. Chevallie, an accomplished French gentleman, was at that time residing here. Of course he and his Virginia friends did all they could to entertain the distinguished stranger. When they thought they had exhausted the resources of the town, one of the friends of Mr. Chevallie suggested they should conduct the Count to the Armory to view these guns. He was not informed of where he was going or what he was to see. Upon arriving at the Armory the party walked unceremoniously into the presence of the grim veterans that represented the glories of "La Belle France." The Count saw at once what had been intended by the visit. He could not speak; but after gazing for a moment with interest at what he saw, burst into tears. A glance at these reminders of his far off and stricken country sufficed to melt his patriotic heart. Afterwards, when speaking of the kindness with which he had been received in Richmond, and when about to take his leave, he insisted that the event most grateful to his feelings during his stay, was the interview with the silent reminders of his native land.

We deem it a fortunate circumstance that the only two survivors

of the convulsions and tumults of wars and revolutions are at last where they may be preserved to all time. The scars which they display show them to be the veterans of many a severely contested campaign. Could they but speak, of what unnumbered trials and woes, of what successes and triumphal pageants they might give account. To recount the deeds of Vauban and Villars, of Prince Eugene and Marlborough would doubtless be their highest joy. But we must be content to let their silence be respected, save when listening to that mysterious whisper which ever greets the curious ear from out their brazen throats. May they be religiously preserved, not only because of their interesting history, their singular beauty and the Revolutionary associations they suggest, but as the honored relics of the patrician age in which they were cast, and as

“Models of art to deathless fame consigned,
Stamped with the high-born majesty of mind.”



JACKSON'S STATUE.

IN LIGHTER VEN



A. E. Raleigh, '98.

A Day with a First-Class Private.

WELL, at six-thirty every morning I receive a most delightful serenade on fife and drum, rendering many different tunes, long since mellowed by age.

This music is so delightfully soothing that I invariably sleep through it, to be rudely awakened by the under-classmen, who having no soul for music, are hurrying down the stoops to make the morning *air* discordant with their yells. Twice, after again giving myself into the arms of the Goddess of Slumber, I am awakened by a martial step, which usually cheers the heart of true soldiers, but holds no cheer for me. At eight o'clock I take, in bed, my morning repast, consisting of a tickler of coffee and cakes of corn bread kept warm under a "rat's" overcoat.

My room-mate, an officer, arrives and hands me a cigarette. I now give myself up to a quiet smoke and think hard of a way to "fake" the Gim for my morning's dissipation.

At eight-fifteen o'clock I arise and take my morning exercise which is lifting weights to develop muscle, buckets of water, cots, etc. To make myself graceful, I wield the wand, a broom.

Having completed my toilet I invariably have to run for my section, overtaking it as it enters the section room. Meandering from section to section I render some very interesting discourses on many different subjects the substance of which is very greatly due to my imagination.

When one o'clock comes I leisurely ("taking" ranks) saunter down to my dinner, which is spread à la V. M. I. Here tempting liquids, Adam's ale and vinegar, together with fruits of many countries,

apples and many sterner realities, are spread before me. From there I procure many curios consisting of a choice selection of collar buttons, hair and the like, of which I partake sparingly, not knowing whether the after effects will be cramps or gout.

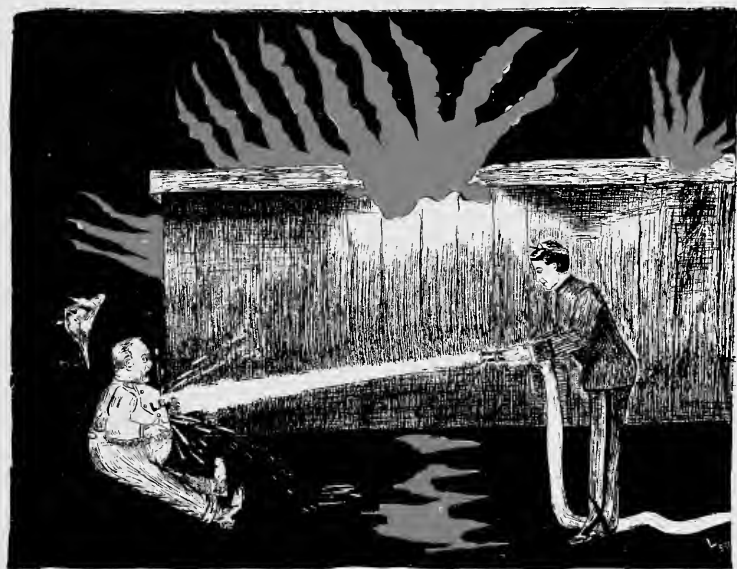
I now enjoy my midday smoke with one eye on the "Sub.," the other on the O. D., and my smokeables up my sleeve.

It is now time for me to drag my not too willing feet to the bath-house, where I bathe in strong lime water, since I can get no other. Taking baths gets my hand in, so I take anything that comes my way, electric globes, drill, dress parade, beds down, etc. This makes more work for my friend the Gini.

Supper goes well, study hour passes in short order, taps blow, darkness reigns supreme leaving the night to the polka club, mollies, dark deeds and a soft bed.

CURTAIN.

C. C. S., '98.



BURNING BUILDING.

Burning of the Carpenter Shop.

Old barracks stretched her towers high,
To bear with Atlas the weighty sky.
With the strain on the old god's shoulders lessened,
He extended his thanks and tragically questioned;
"My friend, what means that Mollie's song
Which bodes much profit to the god of wrong?"

Gloomy barracks spake not far from right
When she knowingly said, "This terrible night
Is a time most suited for serious follies;
Hence a night of joy for the Devil's Mollies,
And if you discredit the pranks of youth,
You must needs but glance to perceive their truth."

The words were scarce uttered when with a hist!
Grim barracks commanded her friend to watch this.
For out of a window on first stoop there stol'd
The "villains" outnumbering one by fivefold,
In "attack formation," they onward came
O'erladen with all the accessories to flame.

Detached was each yet was each so nigh
As well might mutual aid supply.
The direction taken, their object made known,
The carpenter's shop was to face its doom.
Through the entrance sneaked the foremost man
Last seen with a torch and kerosene can.

The old carpenter's shop gave an audible sigh,
And wept tears of tools thus ignobly to die,
So rudely to be torn from its place divine,
Twixt the rushing Nile and Virginia's shrine.
Ah see! Out rush the Mollies with rapid tread,
The protection to seek of an innocent hed.

Scarce had they reached their several rooms
When the stillness was broken by sounding drums,
The Mollies with innocent faces asked why,
The answer was given by the luminous sky.
"Cadets to the rescue!" was the ringing command,
Nor did a one falter in that noble band.

In the usual four companies were they quickly formed
With buckets not guns, they were heavily armed.
The hose department was also there
And of the glory won is awarded its share.
We were not alone however to share all of the fame
For we still passed our constant pain.

Our Sub-professors, quite prim and nice,
Were of course in the way with lots of advice;
But alas! Poor old "Gummie" very suddenly caught fire,
He thought it at first a live electric wire,
'T was only a flower from Carter's sling shot—
Johnnie kindly sent Gummie a "forget me not."

The professors there were well represented,
"Old Nick" in the back-ground was quite contented
To accurately measure, with Copernican eye,
The shade of each ladder which was raised on high.
Their shadows-shades and true declination
Were quickly established by "Nick's" calculation.

Forth rushes "Davie," our war Commandant,
He ground his teeth fiercely and thus he did rant;
"I'll discover the perpetrators," he exclaimed in his fury.
"I'll send the whole Corps before the Grand jury."
But "Dave" is as harmless as an old grand-mother,
So his words entered one ear and escaped through the other,

"Old Billie" then next upon the scene did appear
Madly muttering "Ee-ce-what have we here?"
He would have spoken stronger but he did not dare
For behind him were representatives of Vanity Fair.
From the mess-hall the Major next came in a run
With his Q. M. books to note the "general damage" done.

The fire raged fiercely, the flame's skyward darts
Sent joyous thrills to the Mollies' hearts.
The Cadets worked nobly, 't was fame they craved
And they valiantly won it, the tin roof they saved.
The destruction completed all were homeward bound
When hark ! from the distance comes a rumbling sound.

Each face now bore not the trace of a smile,
Could the Spanish Fleet have entered the Nile !
Then all admitted that this could not be,
When there appeared on the " hill " the L. F. D.
From that beautiful city of Lexington they came,
A Paris in all things except the name.

Tho' belated, the Cadets appreciated their gallant act
And immediately began to help them unpack,
But owing of course to the cloudy weather,
They forgot to keep the things together ;
The hose, the reel, the axes and such like,
Were scattered from Cuba to the frigid Klondyke.

The L. F. D., quite rash in its ire,
Swore never to attend another Institute fire.
The department was at this fire quite stranded
And there are whispered rumors, they at once disbanded.
But still come on boys three times three,
For the gallant lads of the L. F. D.

J. H. W., JR., " 98. "

The Cadet's Heritage.

See that coatee hanging there,
Bracing the back of an idle chair?
Looks a little the worse for wear,
Button missing here and there.
Girl did that the first ball night,
Said I, if she fancied things so slight,
Take the whole outfit—contents, too,
But she said she guessed the buttons would do.
So I 've got it yet, this fine old coat,
Which has seen some duty but much more sport.

They say it sprung from the old-time knight,
With his sturdy heart and his armor bright;
Inversely as the heart grew stronger,
The mail retained its use no longer;
And stronger still as the heart became,
The armor was hardly at all the same;
But all the metal in discs were made
And polished as bright as the brightest blade,
Embossed withal in "cloth of gold,"
With merely the picture of knights of old.
Besides "Sic Semper" and the rest,
V. M. I. adorned the crest.
A secret meaning these imply,
(Don't tell the boy—no matter why),
Valor, Math, Integrity.
So coats-of-mail, the writers say,
Were softened into coats of gray.
Black silken braid and cloth of gray,
Shield well the knight of modern day;
Save when some witch her magic tries
And works her charms through ladies' eyes.
Now if you dare these facts assail,
Why there 's the coat to tell the tale.

"Don't look it?" Examine that powder-burnt spot—
Got scorched in the skirmish when things were too hot.
Now look at that sleeve there—that faint-colored stain—
Is the odor still there—can you tell its champagne?
There are scores of such mishaps stamped on it, and well,
Each mark that you see has its story to tell;
And if still you ignore such signs as that,
Why, I can't understand—are you "worse than a rat?"

E.



VIEW OF LEXINGTON FROM BARRACKS

Why We Should Have Our "Dips."

If you will take a dose of Bromo
Headache to drive away,
I'll endeavor to inform you
What we've gathered on our way.

We know a lot of various things,
Some Ordnance and Gunnery;
And about as much of Physics
As a novice in a nunnery.

We have studied Engineering,
And will never, never fail
To have pleasant recollections
Of "Old Bobby" and detail.

When you hear some of our Frenchmen
Request "De l'eau de vie"
You'll think you've crossed the ocean
And are wandering in Paris.

We've perused with care the works
Of many a chemist writer,
And are quite expert in mixing
Sulphur with charcoal and niter.

In the laboratory we have worked,
And in a manner critical,
Have examined all pertaining
To methods analytical.

If you wish for information
Of any crystal form
We can tell you in a minute,
In fact take you quite by storm.

In the way of Mineralogy
We did arduously "bone,"
And are quite prepared to tell you
All about most any stone.

In case of insurrection
You may thank your lucky star
For "Old Davy's" warm instruction
On the noble art of war.

Of Geologic matters
Great knowledge we can vaunt,
For we have had to teach us
Bev Tucker and Le Conte.

"Old Monk" taught electricity
And anyone who thinks
We've been slighted in that matter
Is referred to "Missing Links."

So if "Billy" thinks we've now no right
Our "Dips" to take away,
He may "Allez au diable,"
For all that we can say

is

Farewell old V. M. I., farewell,
We bid to thee a fond adieu;
We may immigrate some day to H—
But never back to you.

Historical Geology of the Mess Hall.

THE bill of fare at the mess hall of several years ago, can claim no relation whatever to the wholesome menu of to day. Old graduates who come back to visit the place, tell us, "in our day we did not have this " or " we did not do that," until we wonder what they did do, or what they did have. It is nearing our time to return and tell wonderful things we didn't have, etc. During the four years we have made the Institute our home, the change in our food has been very marked.

In geology an evolution took place, in which a very low animal developed into man. So also can our fare be said to have undergone an evolution, but when we first struck it, the development was not enough to be noticed. The second year of our life at the V. M. I. saw some changes. The coffee could stand a short time by itself, and butterine took the place of the FINE country butter of former times, and a new species was discovered one night at supper, namely onions. They belong to the vegetable kingdom. They were greatly feared by the Lexington girls, so much so, in fact, that the cadets would not call so long as a trace of an onion could be discovered about them, for fear of frightening the girls.

In this year the beef shows a decided change, from massive brittle chunks, to slices, even so thin that they could be masticated with the teeth. Species of the vegetable kingdom developed greatly in this year.

In the second year the changes in all keep up, and at the end of the time the menu of the preceding year would hardly be recognized.

In the third year great changes were noticed; what were known

as stools (their origin is unknown) were replaced by real, live chairs, with a small point projecting from the back, which serves as a very convenient hat-rack.

Another species appear during this time, namely: napkins. They appear in such large numbers, that one can be discarded after twenty-four hours for a new article, which takes its place. Hominy, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, green peas, mush and grits, are noticed this year in great abundance.

Growley is almost unknown, having been replaced by eggs and beefsteak.

Potatoes appear, in addition to their original form, as mashed potatoes.

Pies have kept their original contour, but are more varied in substance.

" Scofield " has entirely disappeared, and in its place, ice cream and watermelon have been noticed on several occasions.

Cold meat and sometimes beefsteak have taken the place of molasses at supper.

In the kitchen the old-fashion cooking stoves have developed into modern ranges, and the waiters are noticed with a new shell, which is white and neat, in the form of a jacket.

The development has been wonderful, and as it is substantiated by facts, and happened before our eyes, we are not made to rely on fossils, rocks, etc.

We are greatly indebted to the Q. M. department for all this, and we hope in time to come even greater changes may be noticed.

Some of Our Scientific Investigations.

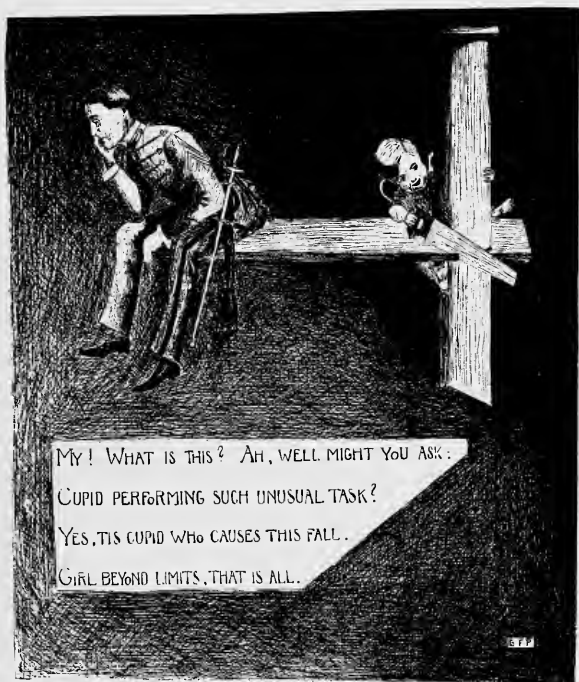
WE take great pleasure in giving to the public, for the first time, the most recent geological discovery of one of our celebrated classmates, "Dinks."

That renowned geologist has just called the attention of the scientific world to a new form of graphic granite. Mr. "Dinks" calls his discovery "Scriptural Granite." "Scriptural Granite," according to Mr. "Dinks," is a granite in which, when it is broken, Hebrew and Arabic hieroglyphics may be seen. This proves beyond a shadow of a doubt the existence, not only of man, but of a high degree of civilization in Archaean times.

We have no doubt but that Mr. LeConte will, with Mr. "Dinks'" permission, insert several chapters, devoted to "Scriptural Granite," in the next edition of his geology, together with a translation of some of the hieroglyphics (now being prepared by Mr. "Dinks").

Mr. "Dinks" does not confine his labors to geological researches alone. Recently he has brought to light a new and peculiar crystallographic system, viz.: The Isorhombric system embraces but one form whose symbol, according to shape, is $\frac{3}{4} // R^2X$. It is believed that the new crystal is a form having four dimensions.

W. H., '98.



FALL OF LIEUTENANT BLANK.

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC OFFICERS.

R. C. MARSHALL PRESIDENT.
H. L. SHANER VICE-PRESIDENT.

Football.

J. O. STEGER *Captain.*
F. S. HEREFORD, }
J. D. TAYLOR, JR., } *Managers.*
ROBT. N. GRONER *Coach.*

Baseball.

J. D. TAYLOR, JR. *Captain.*
R. C. MARSHALL *Manager.*

Gymnasium Team.

W. A. MCNEIL *Captain.*
J. L. SNEED *Manager.*
J. H. WOOD *Instructor of New Cadets.*

Tennis Club.

H. S. ESTILL *President.*

Athletic Executive Committee.

From Faculty :

COL. E. W. NICHOLS. COL. N. B. TUCKER. CAPT. B. B. MORGAN.

From Cadets :

R. C. MARSHALL. H. L. SHANER. J. O. STEGER.
J. D. TAYLOR, JR. W. B. MONTGOMERY. W. A. MCNEIL.

Athletics.

THE encouragement given to athletics this year has done much to bring men out to try for the different teams, and, consequently, the teams are better trained and more interested in the work than heretofore. In the new gymnasium we have one to be proud of, and the time spent there by most of the corps shows quite plainly that it is appreciated, and I am sure the physical improvement will be quite marked.

Our football team, though playing in mighty hard luck, has shown up well, and it is evident that had the proper schedule been arranged, which I am sorry to say was sadly neglected, it would have made a record for itself. The material of which it was composed were all experienced players, and under the excellent coachings of Mr. Groner (U. Va.), the progress made was noticed on all sides. The play was harder, quicker and more thoroughly understood this year than that of any former team which has come under my observation.

In reviewing our games, all of them were close and hotly contested, and our opponents hold us in the highest esteem.

The team of '97-98 was certainly a good one, and it is too bad it did not have more opportunity to show what it could do.

Mr. Steger, who was unanimously chosen, filled his position well, and proved worthy of the confidence placed in him.

In the baseball department, the call for material was responded to by about twenty men, who, under the leadership of Captain Taylor, may be seen trotting out to the field every evening, where they are put through the preliminary work. From their dash and vim, I should say they mean to do their best. Of last year's team, six have returned and the three places to be filled will be hotly contested for. Whoever

fills them must demonstrate that they are worthy over all other applicants. At the backstop a good man is assured. We will miss the familiar faces of our two pitchers, but three men are working hard for a place in the box, and I am confident this will not be our weakest point. At first base there will, in all probability, be no change. Second base is being contested for by two good men, either of which will do himself and his team justice. At short stop a new face will be seen, while at third base that same steady player of last year's team will, no doubt, hold his own. The outfield will be practically the same as last year.

Our prospects in this branch of athletics are exceedingly bright, and should the defeats exceed the victories in the score book, it will be that our opponents are stronger than in years gone by.

The gymnasium team is composed of the same men as last year, and it is needless to say its success is assured.

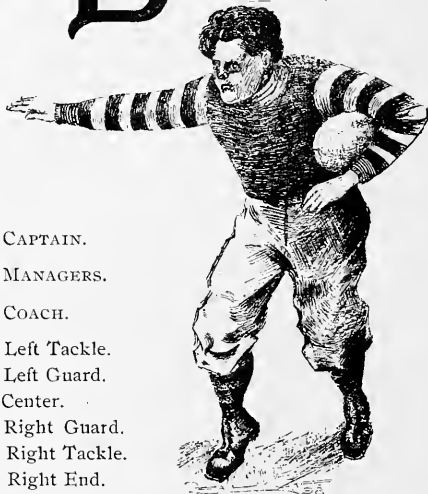
One exhibition has been given this year, which was by unanimous opinion decidedly the best yet given.

The tennis club, which has not yet been organized, will soon be in evidence, and from the experience of past years, much pleasure and profit will be derived from it.

The athletics of '97-'98 have been a success, and we are greatly indebted to our athletic committee for interest shown and good done to athletics in general.

P. C. H., '98.

FOOT BALL



Team.

Season '97.

J. O. STEGER CAPTAIN.
 F. S. HEREFORD, } MANAGERS.
 J. D. TAYLOR, }
 R. N. GRONER COACH.

Harding, J., 1900 . . . Left Tackle.
 Rice, 1900 Left Guard.
 Crump, '98 Center.
 Ayers, '99 Right Guard.
 Scott, '99 Right Tackle.
 Biscoe, 1900 Right End.
 Montgomery, W., 1900 . Quarter-back.
 Marshall, R., '98 . . . Right Half-back.
 Shaner, '99 Left Half-back.
 Steger, '98 Full-back.
 Meem, S., '99 Left End.

Substitutes.

H. S. Estill, '98. W. B. Lewis, '98.
 D. Otey, '99. G. A. Derbyshire, '99.
 H. G. Morrison, '99. J. W. Carroll, 1900.

Football Scores 1897.

V. M. I.—Columbia University 14— 4.
 V. M. I.—Vanderbilt University 0—12.
 V. M. I.—Roanoke College 20— 6.
 V. M. I.—Hampden-Sidney 42— 0.
 V. M. I.—St. Albans 0— 4.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Football Teams for the Past Three Years.

'94

Selden, '95	Shirley, '96	Right End
Serpell, '95	More, A. W., '98	Right Tackle
Stratton, '98	Mills, '97	Right Guard
Locker, '96	Locker, '96	Center
Poindexter, '95	Harding, P., '98	Left Guard
Michel, '96	Michel, '96	Left Tackle
Jones, '95	Moore, S. T., '97	Left End
Hickman, '95 (Captain)	Dickinson, '96 (Captain)	Right Half
Dickinson, '96	Lawson, '97	Left Half
Foster, '97	Foster, '97	Quarter-Back
Twiggs, '95	Twiggs, '97	Full-Back

'95

'96

McGill, '97	Right End
Harding, J., 1900	Right Tackle
Harding, P., '98	Right Guard
Marrow, '97	Center
Rice, 1900	Left Guard
Mills, '97	Left Tackle
Harman, '99	Left End
Steger, '98 }	Right Half
Shaner, '99 }	
Lawson	Left Half
Montgomery, W., 1900	Quarter-Back
Moore, '97 (Captain)	Full-Back



BASEBALL.

Team.

J. D. TAYLOR, '98 CAPTAIN
R. C. MARSHALL, '98 MANAGER

PORTER, 1901 Pitcher
BLACKFORD, A, 1900 Catcher
SULLIVAN, '99 Short Stop
MEEM, S., '99 First Base
PERCIVALL, '98 Second Base
OTEY, '99 Third Base
TAYLOR, J. D., '98 Left Field
SHANER, '99 Center Field
MONTGOMERY, W., 1900 Right Field

Substitutes.

MARSHALL, R., '98
BERNARD, 1901
POLLARD, 1901
McCABE, 1901

Games Played 1898.

March 26th, V. M. I., 6 ; W. L. U., 8.
April 7th, V. M. I., 7 ; M. A. C., 18.
April 9th, V. M. I., 2 ; Lehigh, 10.
April 16th, V. M. I., 10 ; Alleghany Institute, 14.
April 23d, V. M. I., 5 ; W. L. U., 6.
May 7th, V. M. I., 17 ; St. Johns, 4.
May 10th, V. M. I., 15 ; W. L. U., 9.
May 13th, V. M. I., 14 ; A. M. A., 6.
May 14th, V. M. I., 2 ; Alleghany, 5.



BASEBALL TEAM.

Baseball Teams of the Three Preceding Years.

'95

'96

Stratton '98	Allen, '99 Pitcher
Stephens, '97	Miller, B., '97 Catcher
Wells, '96	Bryant, '98 Short Stop
Moore, S. T., '97	Moore, S. T., '97 First Base
Morgan, '96	Morgan, '96 (Captain) Second Base
Jones, J. S., '95 (Captain)	Phillipps, '99 Third Base
Smith, '97	Taylor, J. D., '98 Left Field
Cocke, '95	Shaner, '99 Center Field
Nelly, '98	Harman, '99 Right Field

'97

Allen, '99	} Pitchers
Stafford, 1900	}	
Miller, B., (Captain) '97		Catcher
Shipp, '97		Short Stop
Harman, '99		First Base
Blackford, A., 1900		Second Base
Otey, '99		Third Base
Taylor, J. D., '98		Left Field
Shaner, '99		Center Field
Montgomery, W., 1900		Right Field



W. A. McNEIL, '98, Captain, Virginia.

J. L. SNEED, '98, Manager, Virginia.

Team.

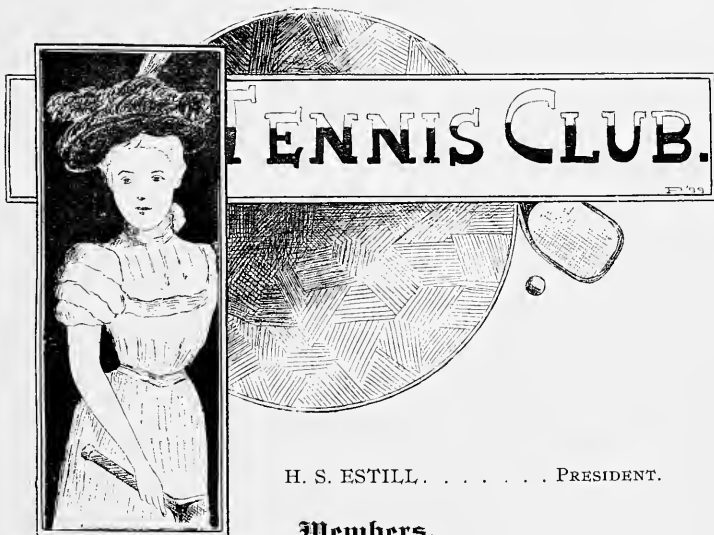
W. A. McNEIL, '98, Virginia. F. A. SULLIVAN, '99, Kentucky.

J. H. WOOD, '98, Virginia. W. B. MONTGOMERY, '00, Virginia.

H. G. FOOTE, '00, Ohio.



GYMNASIUM TEAM.



H. S. ESTILL. PRESIDENT.

Members.

J. D. Taylor.
 F. S. Hereford.
 J. O. Steger.
 W. A. McNeil.
 R. C. Marshall.
 N. W. Hubbard.
 C. P. Nelson.
 F. A. Sullivan.
 F. Jones.
 J. B. Ayers.

G. A. Derbyshire.
 A. B. Dockery.
 W. M. Gwin.
 G. P. Craighill.
 John Carroll.
 W. A. Blackford.
 R. S. Hartz.
 G. R. Saunders.
 E. L. McGee.
 A. E. Miller.



BATTALION FIRING.







The Dialectic Literary Society.

WHEN in 1848 Cadets Samuel Garden, afterwards Brigadier-General Garden, and J. M. Massie, with several others, conceived and carried into execution the establishment of the Virginia Military Institute Dialectic Literary Society, in opposition to the already existing Cadet Society, they probably did not imagine that they were beginning a work the future good fruits of which would continually revert honor and respect upon their own names.

From the time of its establishment the Society steadily prospered, accomplishing much good in the literary training afforded its members from year to year, until in 1894, when its progress was suddenly checked by an unfortunate accident. A fire occurred in the Society Hall, considerably damaging the furniture and almost destroying the highly valued and comparatively large Society library.

From the dilapidated and inactive condition in which the Society was thus left, it was slowly recovering until the fall session of '97, when its members suddenly became aroused and began work in an earnest and energetic manner, which it is gratifying to be able to note, has continued throughout the present year, without signs of relaxation, indicating a brighter future than ever for the Society. The damaged furniture has been replaced by a new set of handsomely upholstered light-oak rostrum-chairs, the remaining books of the library have been rearranged and catalogued, and the condition of the hall in general shows decided improvement, due to the energetic efforts of this year's members. The literary work in the Society has also been characterized this year by a persevering energy, which can not fail to accomplish excellent results in the end.

Our intermediate celebration was held in the Jackson Memorial Hall, March 21st, and, from the vociferous applause accorded the speakers, we may judge that our literary efforts this year have not been entirely in vain.

The night of May 21st is the time appointed for the medal contestants to hold forth this year. Then it is that the bashful declaimer will solemnly roll his eyes skyward, and with trembling voice declare that "He came not here to praise Caesar." In his turn the stern-faced debater will strive to convince you that, "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise," and the smiling orator will condescendingly inform you that, "Essentiality is not always arrayed in the ostentatious robes of transitory inconsistency." When it is all over, you reluctantly depart for home a wiser and better man (?).

Virginia Military Institute will, in the future, probably be represented in the annual contests of the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, the representative to be determined upon by competition between the various candidates from the two literary societies here. It is quite evident that the new incentive thus offered will inspire the aspirants to still greater efforts in their productions.

It would be gratifying to have a larger number of cadets join the societies each year, since it can not be denied that work in literary societies not only teaches a man to express his thoughts before an audience, but imparts an easy and graceful speech among his fellow men in general, which is an accomplishment all who can should acquire.

"What loots it thy virtue,
What profit thy parts
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?"

"The only credentials,
Passport to success;
Opens castle parlor—
Address, man, address."

J. H. W., JR., '98.



CADET
SOCIETY.



Preamble to the Constitution.

D EEMING it to be beneficial to mankind to form a combination which shall have for its object the advancement of learning and knowledge, the cultivation of the mind in literary pursuits, the refinement of taste, and honorable emulation, a spirit of friendship between its members, we hereby form ourselves into such an organization which shall be known as " The Society of Cadets " of the Virginia Military Institute.

* * * * *

Exactly two decades after the founding of the Virginia Military Institute, this, the first literary society of that institution, was established. Since then nearly threescore years have been added to the centuries of the past,—threescore years that have dimmed the ink and yellowed the pages of the archives of this venerable Society.

From the date of its birth, 1839, until 1887, most of the records of the Society are lost; even the names of the grey-coated charter members are unknown. The musty tome, however, upon whose yellow pages were first written the constitution and by-laws of the Society of Cadets, is still preserved.

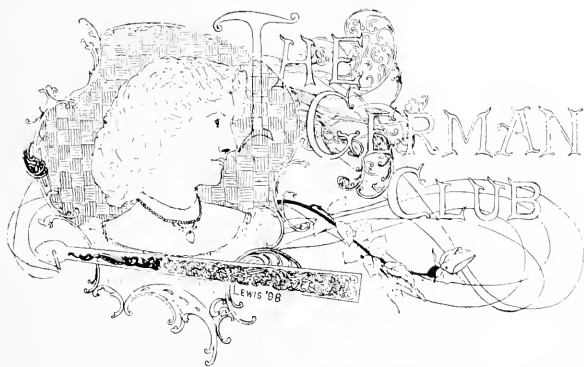
A single reading of the neatly-written pages of this old volume will show the infinite care taken by the founders in the production of the constitution. Since their first appearance many different hands have recorded numerous amendments to the original articles, until now the " Constitution and By-laws of the Society of Cadets " stands ready to meet and overcome all the difficulties of a literary society at the Virginia Military Institute.

There seems to have been a romance connected with the Society, a romance whose age it is impossible to tell. Upon one of the time-stained leaves of the Constitution there may be seen, enclosed in the

conventional heart, the names Joe and Lillie, traced in faint pencil lines. Possibly it was done by some member of the Society, who, upon the night of his graduation, was showing the old Society hall to his fair partner of the Final Ball. Standing there beneath the soft light of the chandelier, possibly the grey-clad cadet had opened the volume, lying upon the reading stand in front of him, and read parts of the constitution to the fair girl beside him in her filmy white ball-dress, and then, bending down, possibly the cadet traced upon the fair white page the names we can still faintly see—his name and hers.

The past year has been a prosperous one in the history of the Society. Unexpected talent has been discovered in many of our members; and, so well has the Society been managed, that a meeting has become, as it should be, a pleasure, not a task, to the members, and from the interest shown by all its members in its working, we may safely predict for the Society of Cadets a future in keeping with its illustrious past.





C. P. NELSON		PRESIDENT
J. D. TAYLOR	} ASSISTANT	J. O. STEGER
E. H. MARSTELLER		H. S. ESTILL
R. C. MARSHALL		CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE
W. A. McNEIL	} COMMITTEE	J. L. SNEED
P. C. HARDING		W. B. LEWIS
A. C. CRUMP		H. G. ELLETT

Members.

S. F. Hereford	S. G. Talbott	R. A. P. Walker
J. H. Addison	D. Otey	John Carroll
W. G. Goolsby	W. L. Zimmer	A. S. Buford, Jr.
P. H. Montgomery	S. H. Meem	J. R. N. Boyd
A. C. Raleigh	H. L. Shaner	A. D. P. Janney
J. H. Wood	P. D. Ewing	J. Pasco
T. A. Jones	H. G. Morrison	S. Lane
H. L. Percivall	S. F. Denby	E. L. Cannon
John Poitevent	G. H. Alexander	D. L. Porter
W. Hoge	A. Moreno	A. E. Miller
N. W. Hubard	J. E. Venable	C. C. McCabe
G. A. Derbyshire	G. P. Craighill	T. S. Carter
W. M. Gwin	W. A. Blackford	S. F. M. Puett
Keith Payne	E. S. Berry	P. McCormick
F. A. Sullivan	W. B. Montgomery	W. P. Patterson
V. E. McBee		



J. H. ADDISON, PRESIDENT.
D. B. SHAVER, VICE-PRESIDENT.
J. J. MARSHALL, TREASURER.
W. B. MONTGOMERY, SECRETARY.

Young Men's Christian Association.

THE Young Men's Christian Association was organized at the Virginia Military Institute in 1882. Men who were acquainted with cadet life said that it would be impossible for a Christian organization to live in a military school. But, after fifteen years, we are glad to say that our most severe critics have been forced to acknowledge that a cadet can be a Christian as well as a soldier.

The Association has proved of vast importance to the Virginia Military Institute, for through it men have been brought to Christ, who possibly would not have been reached by other means. Christian men coming here and expecting to find a place with no religious advantages have been strengthened and encouraged to find an organization composed of cadets, who were trying to lead a Christian life.

Three meetings are held each week. One of these is conducted by a cadet, one by a minister from one of the Lexington churches, and the other by some visiting Christian worker, or by one of the professors of the Institute. There are three Bible classes, under the auspices of the Association, that are conducted by members of the Faculty, and one by the cadets themselves.

There are two room prayer meetings held in barracks every night at "first taps," and these have proved to be very beneficial to those who have attended them.

The Association has two handsome rooms in Jackson Memorial Hall. We keep in close touch with other Virginia Associations through correspondence, through visits paid us by the State Secretary, and through our delegates to the Annual State Conventions. We are also kept acquainted with the work of Southern colleges by having men at the "Southern Student's Summer Conference."

Below we present the names of the men who were leaders in Young Men's Christian Association work while here:

- C. M. Snelling, Virginia, President, '83-84.
- D. M. Lea, Virginia, President, '84-85.
- E. L. Darsh, Virginia, President, '85-86.
- R. C. George, Texas, President, '86-87.
- S. B. Walker, Virginia, President, '87-88.
- S. D. Rockenbach, Virginia, President, '88-89.
- W. S. Hancocke, Virginia, President, '89-90.
- C. B. Slemp, Virginia, President, '90-91.
- J. H. Childs, Virginia, President, '91-92.
- B. B. Morgan, Virginia, President, '92-93.
- H. W. Reynolds, Virginia, President, '93-94.
- W. A. Peterson, Georgia, President, '94-95.
- R. M. Morgan, Virginia, President, '95-96.
- M. M. Mills, Virginia, President, '96-97.

J. S. A., 1900.



CAMP SCENES.

The Steel Company
 of
 Kansas City



P. C. HARDING, PRESIDENT.

Members.

A. C. Raleigh,

J. O. Steger,

W. A. McNeil,

H. L. Percivall,

C. C. Schoen,

J. D. Taylor,

G. H. Alexander,

H. J. Kremer,

W. M. Gwin,

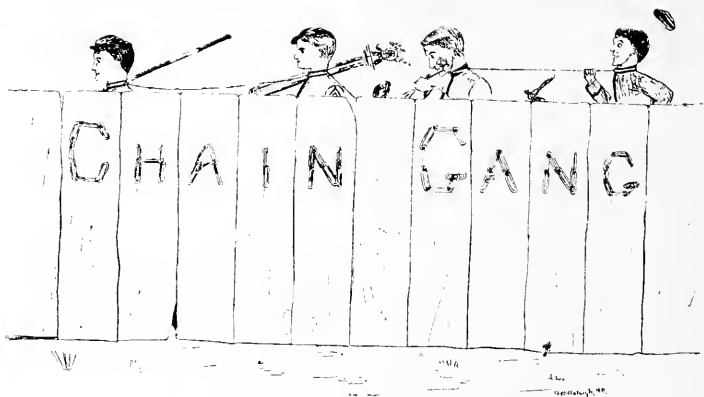
T. A. Sullivan,

A. C. Polk,

J. Harding,

W. A. Blackford,

H. M. Laska.



Motto.

Though our pleasures be Marred, we Hope
to Bob up serenely.

Colors.

Steel Blue.

Yell.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Stick report ram !
Civil engineering—
Well, I be —

Chief Shirkers of Work.

Fish "Phyllis"	Keeper of the Bottle
Eagle Eye "Buz"	Looker out for "Bobby"
Chew Tobacco "Ready,"	Keeper of the Plug (?)
Statia Rod "Jonah,"	Lover of a Soft Snap
Rheumatic "John,"	Rider of the "Gim"
Lazy "Phil,"	Nothing at All
Festive "Goat,"	Enjoyer of the Feasts

Foragers.

Light Finger "Turkey,"	Financier
Sneaking "Coyote,"	Killer of Two Birds with One Stone (?)
Tripod "Fee,"	Peeler of the Turnips
Klondyke "Kitty,"	Squinter After Nuggets
Talkative "Ta,"	Chief Imitator
Pale Face "Pat,"	Getter Into Trouble
Killarney Jo	Terror of Potato Patch

Engineering Firm.

Specialty : Di-stress-ing Strains.

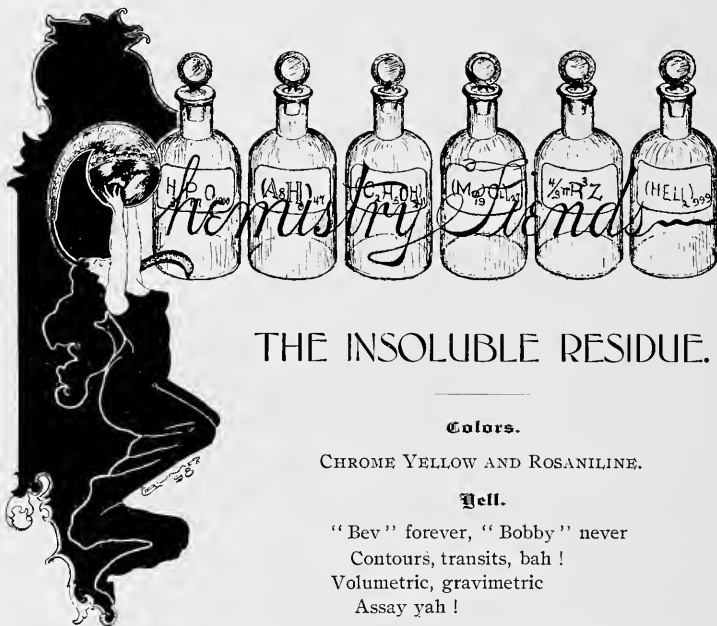
Conscientious "John,"	Spiritual Adviser
New Market "Nanny,"	Musician
Du Bois	Silent Partner

THE TWO MISSING LINKS



M.G. Ellen.
M.L. Percivall.





THE INSOLUBLE RESIDUE.

Colors.

CHROME YELLOW AND ROSANILINE.

Hell.

"Bev" forever, "Bobby" never
Contours, transits, bah !
Volumetric, gravimetric
Assay yah !

MOTTO—We strive like a "Rat" to crack our hard "Nuts."

FAVORITE DRINK—Prussic Acid.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION—Oh, Rats !

RECREATION—Occupied in trying to find the composition of Colonel
T——'s tobacco (by the combustion process).

Constituents.

NAME.	SYMBOL.	USE.
Phosphate Puck . . .	($H_3 P_{19} O_{2000}$) . .	Chief generator of laughing gas.
Arsine Arthur . . .	(($As H_0$) ₄₇) . .	Poisoning fiend.
Fermentation Snipe . .	(($C_2 H_5 O H$) _{F11}) . .	Alcohol vat.
Molybdc Morse . . .	($M O_{19} Cl_{127}$) . .	Has none.
Aqua Regia Acme . . .	($\frac{1}{2} H R^3 Z_{11}$) . .	Titrated nuisance.
Saltpetre Wilkins . . .	(($H E L_2$) ₉₉₉) . .	Expert manipulator of explosives.



INTERIOR OF MESS HALL.



COLORS : Absinthe Green and Whiskey Red.

YELL : Cold Bots : Rock and Rye
Oscar Pepper : V. M. I !
Schrapnel !!!

SONG : And he laughs ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
Gentlemen follow our plans
And take a drink on all of your friends
And be a convivial man.

(Second verse) same as first.

MOTTO : Get the Best of Oscar or he will Get the Best of You.

Members.

*J. H. Addison, King Boozer.
V. E. McBee, Chaplain.
Bro. Allgood, Chief Bar-keep.
E. Hoge Marsteller, Snake Killer.
T. A. Jones, Cork Puller.

Shaver D., Toast-Master.
Buck Palmer, Assistant Bar-keep.
Bob Moneure, Boss Julip Mixer.
R. C. Marshall, Dispenser of Bromo.
Bouncer : Jimmy Alderdice.

CELEBRATION DAY : Most any old time.

Honorary Members.

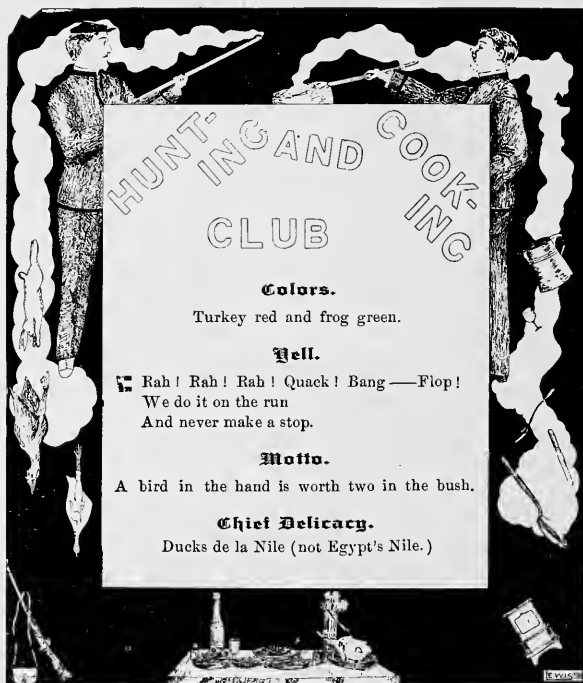
Jim Jams.

D. Tremens.

B. Stagers.

Snakes Galore.

*Lives in hopes that his throat may grow to be a mile long with a station every fifty feet.



HUNT-ING AND COOK-ING CLUB

Colors.

Turkey red and frog green.

Hell.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Quack ! Bang — Flop !
We do it on the run
And never make a stop.

Motto.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Chief Delicacy.

Ducks de la Nile (not Egypt's Nile.)

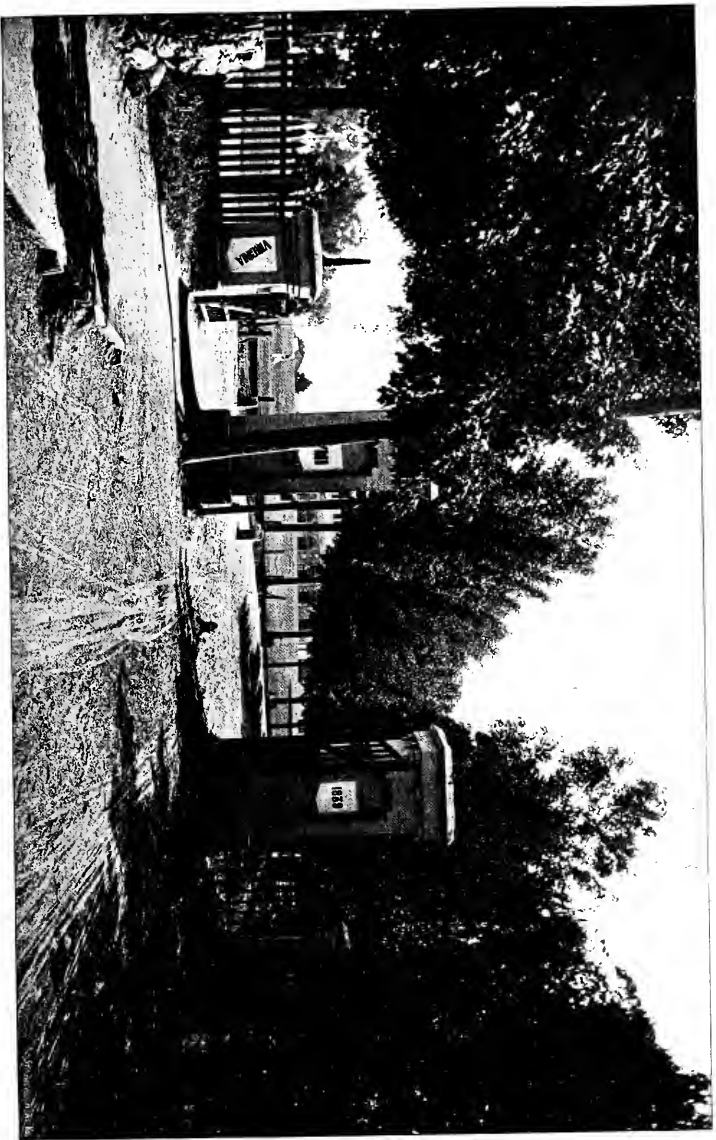
Foragers.

DEAD EYE "MACK"	Chief Duck Killer
LAZY "JONAH"	Game Carrier
CARNIVOROUS "DINKS"	Retriever
HUNGRY "PUCK"	Commissary
ALERT "KITTY"	Imperial Guard
DIVING "SNIPE"	Fish Trap Inspector

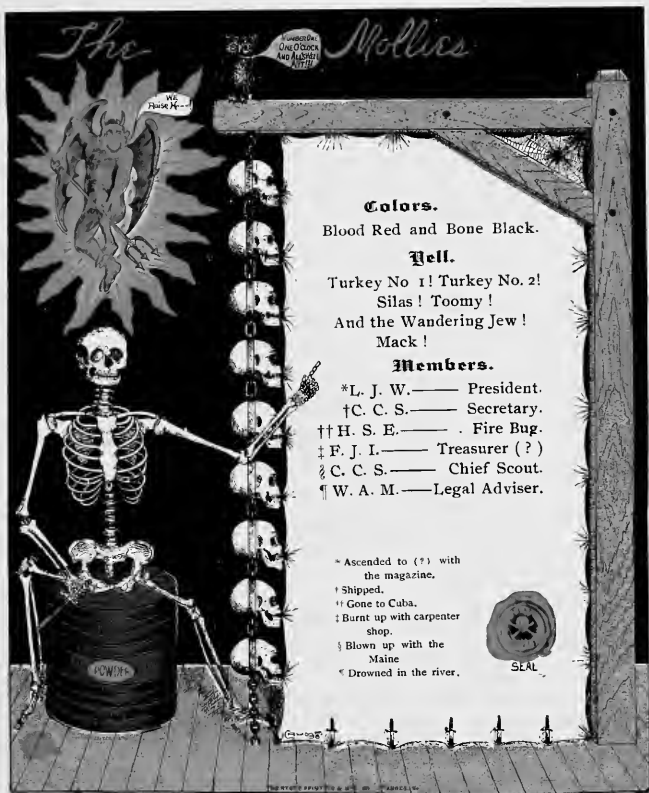
Cookers.

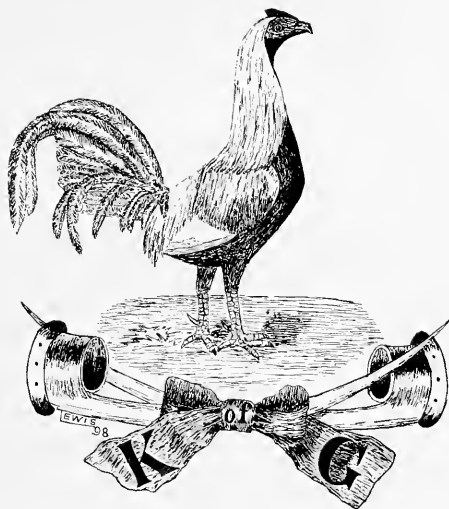
RINKETY DINK "FEE"	Chief Cook
LEEWARD "BUZZ"	Dish Washer
HOT TAMALE "JOE"	Taster
CRABBED "PAT"	Shirker

N. B. We take the pleasure of thanking our East Lexington poultry-raisers for their valuable contributions to this club.



LIMIT GATE LOOKING INWARD.





J. D. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT. C. C. SCHOEN, VICE-PRESIDENT.
W. W. GIBBS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.
S. F. DENBY, HISTORIAN.
V. E. McBEE, HEAD BOUNCER AND DOORKEEPER.
L. W. LANGHORNE } HANDLERS OF THE BIRDS.
H. T. HINE }

Colors.

BLUE GAME AND WHITE FEATHER.

Yell.

Zurek ! Zurek ! Zurek ! Zu Raff !
Knights ! Knights ! Knights of the Gaff !
How 's that ? Hello ! Bird Show !

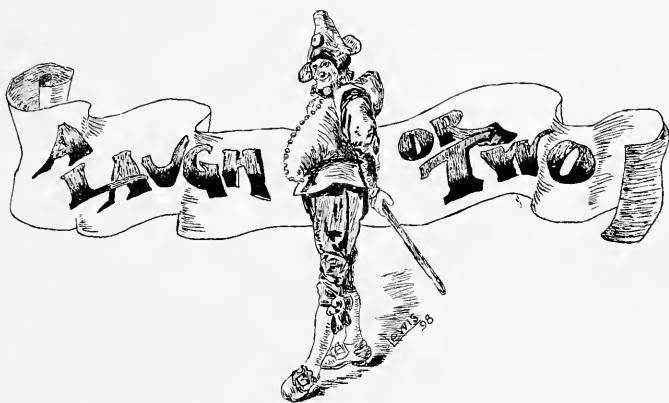
Members.

J. D. Taylor
C. C. Schoen
R. C. Marshall
J. H. Wood
H. G. Ellett
C. P. Nelson
J. L. Sneed
H. L. Percivall
H. G. Foote

N. W. Hubbard
V. E. McBee
S. F. Denby
W. M. Gwin
P. D. Ewing
F. A. Sullivan
E. Poitevent
W. W. Gibbs

H. T. Hines
L. W. Langhorne
C. Taylor
E. H. Berry
J. M. Winston
W. A. Blackford
G. P. Craighill
R. A. P. Walker





Cadet S. (speaking to class-mate): Just because your name is "Bonus" you needn't think you are Allgood.

Cadet G. (after several months' work in laboratory): Say, boys, where will I find some H_2O ?

George Washington may not now suffer with homesickness, but last fall his statue was certainly blue.

Never known to happen—tales the boys tell when they get home.

After breakfast at Clifton Forge every cadet was Gladys Inn.

Captain S. (to Cadet G.): Translate "J'ai du pain." Cadet G.: I have some pain.

Commandant (to Cadet G.): What is the finest gun in the United States made of? Cadet G. (promptly): Cotton, sir; gun cotton.

On cold nights the north wind whistles around barracks, but, thank heaven, it doesn't whistle "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

Though the cadets were victorious when they charged at New Market, they are invariably outdone when they charge at the sutlers.

Sentinel (in court-yard): Stop that running on the stoop. Cadet (on stoop): Stop that running in court-yard.

A new system in crystallography has been discovered by Cadet D., namely : Isorhombic, having but one form, whose symbol according to "Shape" is $\frac{3}{4} // R^3$. This form is called a diacityphenolphthaleneohedron.

Joke.—Price "D. D."

It was in the bluest grotto ever blued by man — in fact, it was eighty years in blueing — where Joe blew in \$15 in fifteen minutes, and he has been blue ever since.

Colonel T. (to Cadet G.) What is $Na_2 Co_3$? Cadet G. (quickly): Nitric acid, sir.

A FOLL GRADUATE.





OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

The Baby Corps.

We were only a lot of little boys—they called us a baby corps—
At the Institute in Lexington in the winter of '64;
And while the broad South was a ruin of war, no sign of peace in sight,
We thought it would end in a battle or two if they 'd only let us fight.

We longed for the glory of going to war, and some by night ran away;
And every cadet in the school agreed 't was a greater disgrace to stay;
And General Smith and the faculty had their peck of trouble filled
Every time there was news of a battle lost or a Southern hero killed.

One night when the boys were all abed we heard the long roll beat,
And quickly the walls of the building shook with the tread of hurrying feet;
And when the battalion stood in line we heard the welcome warning:
"Breckinridge needs the help o' the corps; be ready to march in the morning."

And many a boastful tale was told through the lingering hours of night,
And the teller fenced with airy foes to show how heroes fight;
We challenged Sleep at the gate o' the eye when he tried to cross our line,
And drove him away with a volley of yells and laughed at his countersign.

Some sat in nature's uniform mending their suits of gray,
And some stood squinting across their guns in a darkly suggestive way.
The battalion was off on the Staunton pike as soon as the sun had risen,
And we turned and cheered for the "V. M. I.," but yesterday a prison.

At Staunton the soldiers chaffed us, and the girls of the city schools
Giggled and flirted around the corps till we felt like a lot of fools;
They threw us kisses and tiny drums and a volley of baby rattles,
Till we thought that the fire of ridicule was worse than the fire of battles.

We made our escape in the early dawn, and, camping the second night,
Were well on our way to the seat of war, with Harrisonburg in sight;
And the troopers who met us, riding fast from the thick of the army hives,
Said, "Sigel has come with an awful force, and ye 'll have to fight fer yer lives."

But we wanted to fight, and the peril of war never weakened our young desires,
And the third day out we camped at dusk in sight of the picket fires;
Our thoughts, wing-weary with homeward flight, went astray in the gloomy skies,
And our hearts were beating a reveille whenever we closed our eyes.

"Hark! what 's that? The sentry call? A galloping horseman comes.
Hey, Boys! Get up! There 's something wrong! Don't ye hear 'em a-thumpin' the drums?"
Said the captain, who sat in the light of the fire tying his muddy shoes;
"We must toe the line of the Yankees soon, an' we haven't much time to lose."

"Come up here, boys," the captain said, as he waved his only arm;
"A moment of counsel before we start won't do us a bit o' harm.
Why, Jim, you 're standing there asleep" Who 's that you 're whisperin' for?
Yer father! Woke up! You ain't to home; you 're on yer way to war."

"Hats off!" And we all stood silent while the captain raised his hand
And prayed, imploring the God of war to favor our little band.
His voice went out in a whisper at last, and then, without further remark,
He bade the battalion form in fours, and led us away in the dark.

"I 'm tired o' marchin' night and day on a road that 's heavy and wet;
It 's six hours now since daylight came, and we haven't got there yet.
Skirmishers comin'? The Yanks are nigh!" "Swing out at the top of the hill."
"There 's New Market! Look at the soldiers there—all o' them standing still."

The league-long hills are striped with blue, the valley is lined with gray,
And between the armies of North and South are blossoming fields of May;
There 's a mighty cheer in the Southern host as, led by the fife and drum,
To the front of the lines with a fearless tread our baby cadets have come.

"Forward!" The air is quaking now; a shrill-voiced, angry yell
Answers the roar of the musketry and the scream of the rifled shell.
The gray ranks rushing, horse and foot, at the flaming wall of blue,
Break a hole in its center, and some one shouts, "See the little cadets go through!"

A shell shoots out of its hood of smoke, and slows mid-air and leaps
At our corps that is crossing a field of wheat, and we stagger and fall in heaps;
We close the ranks, and they break again when a dozen more fall dying:
And some, too hurt to use their guns, stand up with the others trying.

"Lie down an' give 'em a volley, boys—quick there, every one!
"Lie down, you-little devils! Quick! It 's better to die than run."
And, huddling under the tender wheat, the living lay down with the dead,
And you couldn't have lifted your finger then without touching a piece of lead.

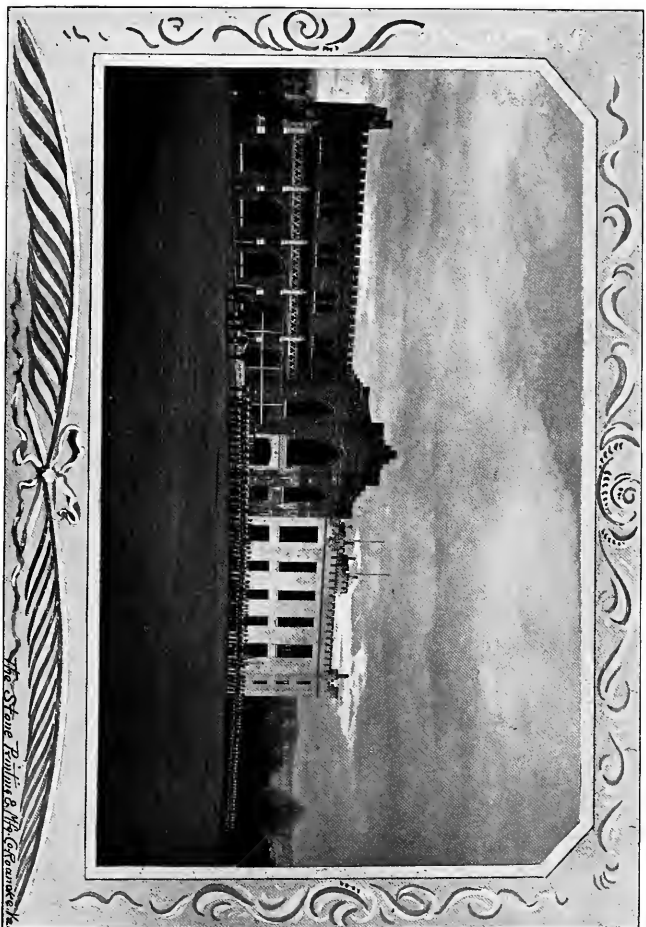
"Look up in the sky and see the shells go over, a-whiskin' their tails;
Better not lift yer hand too high or the bullets 'll trim yer nails."
Said the captain, "Forward, you who can!" In a jiffy we 're all on our feet
An' up to their muzzles a-clubbing our guns, an' the Yanks have begun a retreat.

Said a wounded boy, peering over the grain, "Hurrah! see our banner a-flyin'!
Wish I was there, but I can't get up—I wonder if I 'm a-dyin'?"
Oh, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—that was hit in the head?
Say, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—My God! Jim 's dead!

A mist, like a web that is heavy with prey, is caught in the green o' the fields;
It breaks and is parted as if a soul were struggling where it yields;
The twilight deepens and hushes all save the beating of distant drums,
And over the shuddering deep o' the air a wave of silence comes.

By lantern light we found the boys where, under the wheat, they lay
As if sleep—soft-fingered, compelling sleep—had come in the midst of play.
The captain said of the bloody charge and the soldiers who fought so well,
"I believe that the army 'd have followed the boys if they 'd entered the flames o' hell."

Irving Bacheller.



JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL.



The Finals.

EXAMINATIONS over, the finals, long looked forward to, and always seeming such a long way off, have at last arrived. The duties and hardships of camp life are no more for this year, much to the pleasure of us all. The "hill" at parade has been changed from a place of displeasure to one of the greatest interest. We do not "cuss out" the bugle when the call is sounded to fall in for parade, and we march out, every one of us "strutting," hoping to get a smile from some of the pretty girls who have caused this change. It is not long however, until we have met many of the young ladies, who have favored us with their presence, and I hope some of them were not entirely fascinated by our brass buttons.

It is hard to realize that the finals are here. It seems unnatural not to "fall in" for classes at the regular time, as we have become accustomed to do for four years, and the freedom which we have makes us happy. We want only to have a good time, and to enjoy ourselves after the months of study and discipline.

But I am sure we will not be found wanting when it comes to enjoying ourselves, and now we are more than happy with the bright prospects of such a pleasant time before us.

"To ride the Gim," to dodge the O. D., not to get caught visiting at inspections, to take rev. and manage in some way not to get reported; all these, the thoughts foremost in our minds, are now forgotten. No one is sick, we don't care for the O. D., there are no night inspections, and we don't miss rev. All is centered in the coming events.

The finals begin with a hop in honor of our young lady friends. We don our best; the second classmen, the much-coveted blues; the third classmen are in great expectation of promotion and not a few of them confident that their sleeves will soon be bedecked with the gold lace sergeant chevrons; the fourth classmen, for a long ten months a rat, soon to be a rat no more, is probably the happiest of us all.

Everyone seems to be happy as around the floor they glide to the strains of some dreamy waltz, or a snappy two-step.

The night is soon passed, some of us having already lost our hearts, but I am afraid the girls long for the buttons on our coats, more than for our hearts under them. We do not begrudge them, however, the hearts they get, or the buttons they long for.

We awake in the morning much refreshed and ready for more. It is not long until the boys may be seen wending their way towards Lexington, many of them seeking some young lady with whom he was favorably impressed.

The day is spent mostly in calling, and the old adage, "time flies," is verified by the rapid flight of the day, for it is time for parade, seemingly, long before it usually takes place, and, were we the ruling spirit, long before it would take place.

We find ourselves next preparing for the society celebration. This celebration is very entertaining; the orations, debates, etc., are all well delivered. If I may say it, we do not encourage enough the young men striving for these honors, and a little more attention should be given them. Several medals are awarded, and not infrequently, some favored one receives a beautiful bouquet for his masterly and well-delivered oration. The celebration is over by 10:30, and we stroll with our partners towards their homes, after reaching which we return to our quarters with much regret that the time has passed so quickly.

Our gymnasium team gives its annual exhibition at the Lexington Opera House. Not a few "Ohs!" and complimentary remarks may be heard during the evening, and we are of the opinion that our "gym." team is just as good as ever. After the entertainment we make our way to the gymnasium, where everything is in readiness for the hop. Far into the night we dance until our limit is reached. The

night has been a most enjoyable one, and it is with regret we leave the hall and make our way back to barracks, all praising the gymnasium team and the good time we have had.

The German, one of our most enjoyable hops, is the next on our cards. We enter the hall hoping that we will be favored by favored ones, so that we may return the favor to our favored ones. The figures are well executed, the favors pretty and well selected, and one very good feature, the "stags" can not complain, for dances are plentiful. Every one seems interested and so pleasantly has the time glided by that the grey streak of dawn replaces the shadow of night, before we are fully aware of it. The time for breaking up has arrived, and we wander back to barracks, very tired, though willing to continue the German, if it could be continued. But no, we must to our quarters and sleep.

The final ball finds us ready for one of the most enjoyable times of our lives. While it ushers in one of the happiest days for some, for others it is one partly of sorrows. The class of '98, in whose honor the ball is given, will pass into the history of the Virginia Military Institute, and as a class it will be no more. The friends we have made here will always be held sacred in our memory, and one of the saddest days of our lives is when we part from these classmates. I am sure, in the days to come, when we are struggling, some crowned with success, others disappointed, the memories of these friends will assure us that we are not alone in the world, and will keep us towards the goal of our ambition.

The ball is opened by a very pretty military figure in which about fifteen selected couples take part, the men in full officer's uniform, each with the lady of his choice. In the soft light of the burning calcium, which is first red and then blue, we are reminded of some gentle dream. When the ball is opened, there is a change from silence to the hum of merry voices; the floor is filled to its utmost with pretty girls and gay cadets, gliding to the strains of a waltz. It is soon twelve; the Class of '98 is assembled, and there is a last call of the roll at which many hearts are sad. At two o'clock we adjourn to the mess-hall, where a most enjoyable supper has been prepared. After partaking of it, we feel much refreshed, and we are ready to continue our dissipations. The

night passes too rapidly. The boom of a cannon announces that the finals of '98 are a thing of the past. Tired and worn out, we seek rest, some at barracks, others at the hotel, to dream of the happy days now of the past, until it is time to start on our journey homeward. After many hand shakes, some sad and others happy, the trains are filled with a crowd of sleepy cadets, and as we whirl along, our last look at our alma mater is impressed on our minds and will remain there to us a picture of a place in which four of the happiest years of our lives were spent; and we go forth, determined to uphold the standard and reputation of dear old Virginia Military Institute.

P. C. H., 98.



CAMP SCENE.

BATTERY DRILL.

CALENDAR

FRIDAY EVENING,
JUNE SEVENTEENTH, AT NINE O'CLOCK,
Opening Hop.

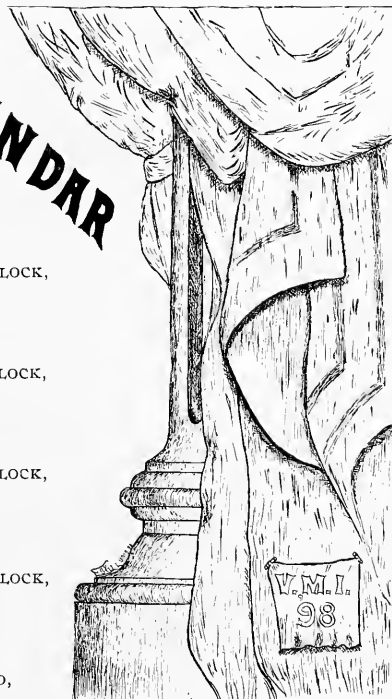
SATURDAY EVENING,
JUNE EIGHTEENTH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,
Society Celebrations.

MONDAY EVENING,
JUNE TWENTIETH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,
Gymnasium Exhibition.

TUESDAY EVENING,
JUNE TWENTY-FIRST, AT TEN O'CLOCK,
Final German.

WEDNESDAY EVENING,
JUNE TWENTY-SECOND,
Alumni Banquet.

THURSDAY EVENING,
JUNE TWENTY-THIRD, AT TEN O'CLOCK,
Final Ball.



SOCIETY CELEBRATIONS.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE EIGHTEENTH,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

J. D. TAYLOR, JR., Florida, . PRESIDENT CADET SOCIETY.

J. H. WOOD, Virginia, . . PRESIDENT DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

ORATIONS.

DECLAMATIONS.

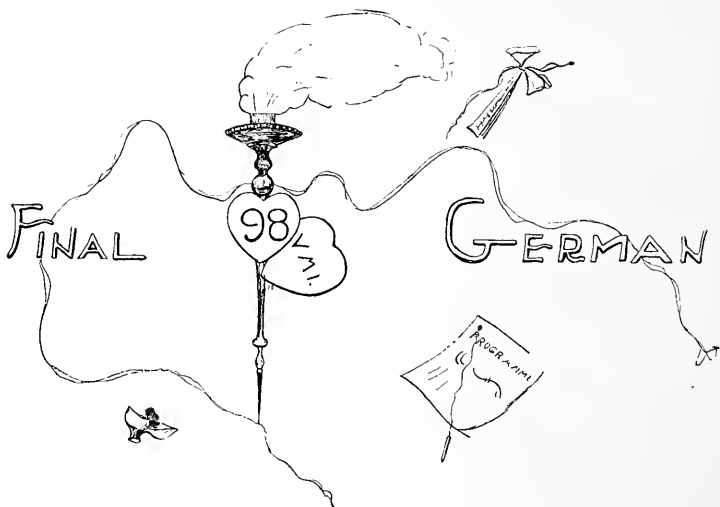
DEBATES.

AWARD OF MEDALS.



FINAL GYMNASIUM.

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TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-FIRST.
AT TEN O'CLOCK.

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Assistant Leaders.

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J. O. STEGER, Virginia.

E. H. MARSTELLER, Virginia.

H. S. ESTILL, Kentucky.

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W. B. LEWIS, Virginia.

A. C. CRUMP, Virginia.

H. G. ELLETT, Virginia.

A Defense of the Lazy Man.

AMONG the vices and virtues to which all flesh is heir, father Adam has left us the legacy of laziness.

Now, the question whether or not laziness is sin, is, to say the least of it, debatable. Since idleness, as well as sin is pleasant, it does not follow, as ye of Puritanical minds imagine, that laziness is sin.

A very thorough acquaintance with the conditions of life of our common parents, will show us that Adam and Eve were thoroughly and utterly lazy.

Why, a man, cursed with energy, could not have lived twenty-four hours in the Garden of Eden, while Adam, being a lazy man, rather enjoyed the life. Now we all know that before their expulsion from the sacred garden, Adam and Eve were perfectly sinless. Hence, since they were utterly lazy, it follows that laziness is—a virtue.

Now we will make a concession for the sake of argument, and grant that laziness is a sin. It may be easily and logically that laziness, if a sin, is a very small one. After a careful perusal of those ten commandments, which no one obeys, and a thorough and exhaustive study of the Bible, we find that every precaution is taken to guard us against the sins of commission, while the sins of omission are not mentioned, evidently, on account of their slight importance.

Now common sense will show us that the sins of laziness come under the head of "those things that we have left undone."

Besides this, sin should be measured in proportion to the temptation to commit it. And how great is the temptation to be idle. Listen to what Horace says: "It is pleasant to lie upon the living green of the matted grass beneath some gnarled and knotted oak, and watch

the river flowing sluggishly between its steep banks; and hear the plaintive wood-birds, and the rustling leaves; and the gently flowing limpid waters, murmur their invitation to slumber." If a cigarette were added and a book and a cooling drink near by, we would ask with the same poet: Under such conditions as these, who could not forget the petty trials of adversity and the soul-trying cares that come in love's train?

There is a certain majesty, a certain easy philosophy about the ideally lazy man, that is very attractive to one who knows this world of fighting, squirming humanity, all striving like a pack of swine, each one to get his own particular nose in the trough.

You say that it is no very high ambition to aim to be a Diogenes in his tub? Why wasn't the ambition of that Prince of Idlers as high as yours; you who join in the disgusting scramble for wealth without honesty, or fame without merit; you who are guilty every day of your lives of the sins of commission, the sins of lying, deceiving and slandering of blasphemy and covetousness.

And you maiden ladies of uncertain age, who shake your reverend heads in holy horror at these "devil's" sophistries, as you call them, don't be so ready next time to denounce a poor fellow as an irredeemable sinner because he happens to be a little lazy. Let him enjoy his smoke in peace. If laziness is happiness—as well as sinless—why not be lazy.

J. D. M.



THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 23D.

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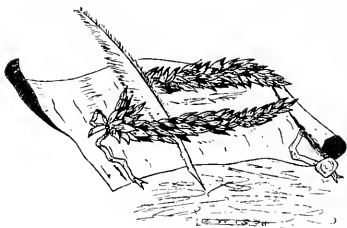
J. C. KENT, Virginia.

S. H. MEEM, Virginia.

A. B. DOCKERY, Mississippi.

S. G. TALBOTT, Virginia.

A. A. HOGE, Virginia.



WE, the Editors, desire to thank Captain Voorhies and Captain Spillman for their valuable assistance rendered to us in various ways. Also to thank certain members of the faculty and cadets for articles written by them and assistance given in other ways.

We desire to call the attention of the BOMB readers to our ADVERTISERS.

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